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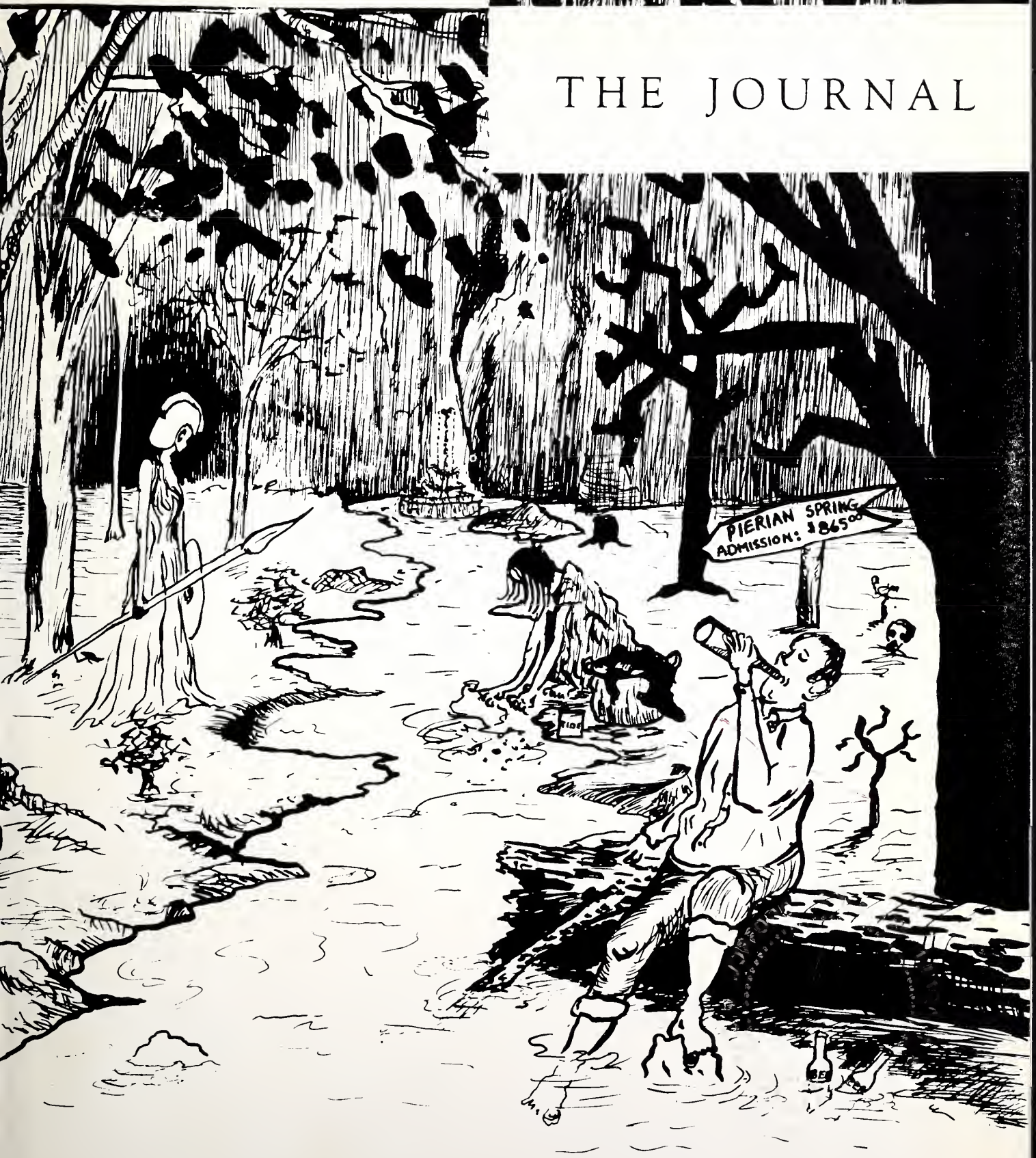

THE JOURNAL
OF WOFFORD COLLEGE

VOLUME LXXXVIII ● No. 1 SPARTANBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA NOVEMBER ● 1964

BLAM!

Another year of knocking our heads against the tomb is hard upon us. We shall bring you solace four times—this is Dose No. 1. There are a few things in here which shall make me out a hypocrite—they appeal to everybody, or at least they should. An experiment in mass communication is afoot. If one can't communicate to his teachers, at least one can try to communicate to his brothers-in-woe, or end up communicating to himself. Try it sometime.

This one is a little different from any *Journal* produced lately. There's some funny stuff in here. There is also some good poetry, a little fiction, and a bang-up editorial. I envy your experience. For those of you addicted to reading book reviews in lieu of books, a treat—two of them. Some timely record reviews, a sound article about jazz, and a smattering of musical criticism should appeal to most of you, judging from the amount of noise your record players and radios produce in the afternoons when we few diligent students are trying to sleep.

Our cover is well done by Tom Zepp, who can produce quality work at the drop of an editor's crying towel. Speaking of editors, in general they are a mangy lot, and when there are more than ten of them in one room, the egotism is enough to drive one up the wall. I speak from experience, i.e. Chicago convention. (It was great, though, and our thanks to the Board and especially Mr. Pegram. It is my considered opinion that at least Wofford has the best-groomed editors in the N.A.C.P. Hooray for our side.)

It's a little late to talk about things like, "Nuts, another murderous semester," or the "week-end odyssey," so let's not. Instead, why don't we just settle back and join Uncle Fred's Reading Club? (Some of the things in this issue are worth anybody's time. Too often we all tend to knock student creative writing.)

That's enough of this trash, read it and think every now and then. Until January, I leave you with a heartening war cry—"Rally round the tomb, boys."

—*FWR*

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A Play In A Few Acts

The night had gone as had the rest until the middle aged man, slightly high, opened the conversation. Bobby later said that night, that only then did he begin a frantic struggle for life that culminated six months later.

The haggard man could not say enough, and soon after initiating the conversation he was dominating it. Bobby, lost in a subject far too incomprehensible, remained silent throughout. The man talked of a war, a war of the individual in which that individual must fight, for without fighting, his life would be worthless. "Fight, fight, fight, son!" The words were all too repetitious, and Bobby wondered if the incredible figure opposite him knew what he was trying to say. Bobby was eighteen and assumed his age was the barrier.

Later Bobby told Joe of the dejected man who interrupted his existence. Joe did not answer, but waited for the Sunday afternoon when Bobby found the sparrow.

Joe's awaited Sunday afternoon came sooner than expected, but unfortunately for him, he was not present to observe for himself, but learned of it through Laura. She told him that Bobby had been disturbed about an obligatory relationship with a friend. In walking off his distress he found himself in the public park.

When he caught the sparrow, it was only after having watched it from a distance long enough to become attached to it. He later expressed that he felt an empathy with the bird after noticing that it was crippled. He held it on his handkerchief, and the wretch was on its altar.

There was a relationship between them as the relationship between a lover and his beloved's corpse. It was a hopeless love striving to break through, but being confounded to itself.

He believed there was no choice for him, so he wrenched the bird's neck until the limp body lay in his hand as would a memoir of an old woman. He remained in a foggy condition before it occurred to him that he was free of the bird. Here was his freedom, an obligation to himself that would not let him rest until he was dead.

Joe talked with Bobby within the month and reminded him of the drunk whom he had met in the nightclub. Joe said the drunk was defeated and could only lie in the gutters, pleading with people not to make the mistakes he had made. He was, Joe said, living in a hapless, immobile state. He could not return to his once-secure state, Joe continued, because he had false wisdom, a belief that there existed a physical way of combatting a spiritual adversary, death, and a belief that his only flaw lay in his having chosen the wrong physical way. Joe said he was immobile because his intellect had stagnated. To Joe, the man's central flaw lay in his having chosen a difficult, and dangerous way, the way of knowledge, even if he did settle on false knowledge, hence his inextricable position.

In answer to this Bobby asked about Laura, but Joe could only marvel at her ungodly existence. Unknown to him, Laura understood Joe and Bobby's relationship better than either of them.

Recently, Bobby had talked with Laura in furious, all-night sessions, but to them it made no difference as they had established that they would be free of such potential impediments to communication. At times Laura would run madly to the wall and catch herself with the palms of her hands slightly before having slammed her body against the wall. This was Laura, and the times she stared vacantly through whatever lay in her perspective were not really incongruous with the times she appeared violent.

Bobby could talk with her and never fear losing her in their conversations. Most of the time they spoke in fragments consisting of revolutionary combinations of two or three words.

When Laura stabbed herself, Joe said it could not have jolted Bobby more than it did. At the funeral Bobby appeared in a semi-conscious state excepting the times he carried on the trivial conversations to which he was subjected.

Laura's death affected him, callous as it may seem, as the removal of a familiar object. There was a moment when his eyes flashed and he realized that his familiar object no longer occupied its traditional place, but that was all. Laura would not have wanted more, if even that.

Bobby disappeared, somewhat to Joe's chagrin, soon after Laura's death, and it was only for the next few days that no one heard of him. None thought that he was living in a hotel suite and at the time Joe was running through places they met together in frenzied search for his friend, Bobby sat moodily carving crosses on a piece of furniture. The drink was too strong, and he maneuvered only with the greatest difficulty. He kicked the piece of furniture over, and splattered *X's* on the wall. Abruptly he was possessed by an unknown tranquility, and he was conscious of the significance of Laura's death for the first time. ●

—*Al Bonnoit*

Poem

In the past we live a normal life
Just as we do today.
But in the past there is death.
So shall there be in the future—
But life will be better in the future.
It ends when we no longer have dreams.
Then there is the present
Full of discontent
But
So is the future

Hasty speech come not
To engulf us and cause
Our mouth to hang us.

—Grady Locklear

Ode To Two

In the clear high they
gaze down a stone face,
through moving winds and trees.
Dry branches crackle back and forth,
ice crystal tinkles rockward,
gray dead cars, empty cans,
stopped on the lifeless belt.
Metallic glint in broken glass,
a rolled city shines back flat.
Two left young, Old Land,
on the icy mountain.
Sky eyes up, fair moving light
their bodies standing tight.
The minute coming,
of rock earth slip, turn,
tumble down to the wind,
as the peace has come,
it shall stay forever,
two have gone today.
When calmer days are here,
we will have time to live.

—Howard Olsen

Book Review

A Texan Looks At Lyndon Johnson

Amidst all the glamour and publicity (and often duplicity) of the recent political campaign, there developed an intriguing behind-the-scenes display of low rate journalistic productions. Not only were the ever-present "scandal sheets" passed out by both major parties, but the Republicans seem to have been inspired to stretch their efforts into longer and more detailed studies of the little-known and hardly relevant facts concerning their rivals. Perhaps the most savage of these attacks is J. Evetts Haley's examination of the life of Lyndon B. Johnson, *A Texan Looks at Lyndon*. Mr. Haley attempts to show the political career of Mr. Johnson against a background of vice and corruption, drawing the conclusion that he is not qualified to hold the nation's highest and most trusted political office.

From the beginning, Mr. Haley makes it clear that he is an ultraconservative. An indication of his concept of conservatism is shown in the second chapter where he praises the former governor of Texas, Coke R. Stevenson, for never voting for a tax bill. This type of negativism is present throughout the book in his criticism of all progressive legislation that arises during Mr. Johnson's tenure in public office. He invokes the platitudes of Jeffersonian logic in his demands for a strict adherence to our constitutional framework. His concept of good government would allow greater freedom to the states, less power for the Supreme Court, and above all, a Washington minus Lyndon Johnson.

Mr. Haley's thesis throughout the whole book is the progressive corruption of President Johnson's political philosophy. In Haley's opinion every activity in which the President has been a part has been stained with his intrinsic evil nature. He charges that Mr. Johnson's foundation for government is based on an "illegitimate" foundation—*fear*. By basing his power on fear, Mr. Haley observes that Johnson has eroded the idea in America of a sound government based on the will of a popular, informed majority. The Johnson Administration, as a result, does not express the majority will in this country and thus is not the legitimate government.

The author's most virulent attack on the President comes when he questions Mr. Johnson's election to the Senate in 1948. He tries to establish a foundation from which one can surmise that his margin of 87 votes was fraudulently arrived at. Calling him "landside Lyndon," Mr. Haley points out the powerful party organization behind Johnson and how it was able to push its candidate from a decided deficit into the victory circle by sheer force and might. The final tally was, he asserts, cleverly and illegally manipulated for Mr. Johnson. In the end, he feels, it "peremptorily denied justice to Governor Stevenson and nearly half a million Texans who had voted for him." In presenting his case, Mr. Haley relies wholly on partisan opinion as evidence. At no point in the account does he give the reader any clearly defined facts as proof for his accusations. While his account will be dogmatically accepted by followers of his political philosophy, an open-minded individual searching for the facts could not accept his views without further clarification.

Having established his initial distaste for Mr. Johnson, Haley then proceeds to formulate other attacks against the President's private affairs, his public service as a senator, his wife's business ventures, and concludes with a summation of the character of the case in point. He accuses Johnson of indulging in "sophomoric pleasure" in his dealings with the press, of being disloyal to his friends, and closes with a capsule analysis of the President from his own wide-ranging reservoir of political insight. His closing sentence reads: "In age I cannot live with betrayal and dishonor, and I have no desire or intention of doing so." Perhaps, in reality, this final declaration will be an omen for a future odyssey. At least the was left open.

The literary value of Mr. Haley's book will not cause scholars to rush to it as a reference source on the life of Mr. Johnson. It was clearly written for a singular purpose—the propagation of a political cause. It was meant as an affront to America's highest elected official and the office for which he stands. It was an attempt to distort the image of the Johnson Administration and to arouse public opinion against it. Mr. Haley used the catcall of ultrapatriotism and devotion to the cause of one's country to win people to his political viewpoints. Its success was reflected at the polls on November 3.

In the final analysis, Mr. Haley gives his readers an insight into his own character through the pages of his book. He makes us aware of the accumulated frustrations and defeats he once suffured. He opens the door for a view into the workings of a narrow, little mind. His recurrent outlook shines through in his belittling of everything Mr. Johnson ever attempted. Apparently he feels jealous toward the President and sees in his accomplishments the unfilled dreams of his own frustrated career. His publication of *A Texan Looks at Lyndon* will place his name before the public and achieve some form of recognition for him, but the intelligent reader will see his purpose in its true light and again force him back into the dark alleys of obscurity. ●

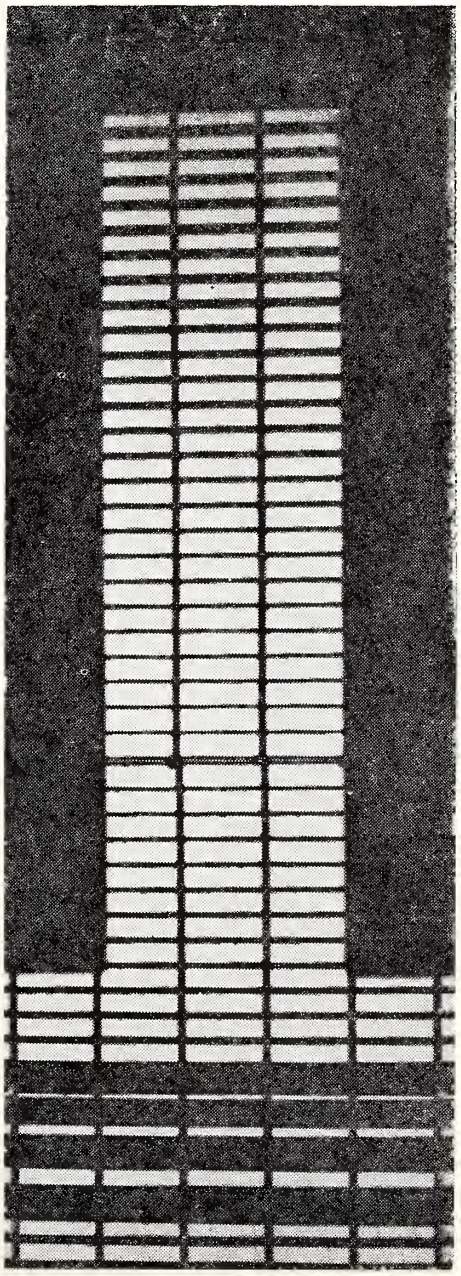
—*James E. Dorsey*

A Brief Look Into The Problem Of Existence

To confront man as he participates in the whole of his existence, it is necessary to correlate an understanding: to relate God to man, or as others would object, man to God. The essential nature of man is that: "Man not only exists but knows that he exists."[1] Thus, "Instead of defining man as an *animal rationale,* we should define him as an *animal symbolicum.*"[2] When placed in context, the former shows man to be in a problematic state which requires of him a search for his place in the world; the latter shows the way which man understands that which he experiences and how a correlation is achieved.[3]

The entire nature of man's attempt to understand his "place" can be seen as compactly interwoven in a set of symbols stemming from the source of order, his inner self. Symbols constitute the whole of a man's reality. Each and every symbol has its definite influence involved in man's total world-view or world outlook *(Weltanschauung).* But to find (to ground) himself, man must come to an awareness of the transcendent. Certain symbols (those which relate the most profound human experiences to man) give unity to man's *Weltanschauung* and allow him to establish himself in time and space.[4] These symbols ground man in transcendance. They force man to be aware of his place in the vastness of the limitless and timeless. Once a man understands, his *Weltanschauung* is solidified.[5] These "grounding" symbols are most often symbols of religion.[6]

The true nature of the ordering or grounding symbols must ever be kept in mind when trying to approach an understanding of man's "relating or relationships," that is, the ordering of man's (symbolized) relationships by additional levels of symbolization.[7] Tillich says:[8]



". . . they are a representation of that which is unconditionally beyond the conceptual sphere . . . They (i.e., religious symbols) must express an object that by its very nature transcends everything in the world that is split into subjectivity and objectivity. . . . Religious symbols represent the transcendent but do not make the transcendent immanent."

There must be a constant awareness of of the problem that God cannot be known within the limits of time and space, or an ideology will result. Man's problematic understanding of God is essential. The individual who proves (for example, by scientific method) the existence of God, paradoxically disproves the God of transcendence, infiniteness, abstractness by restricting him to the bounds of the empirically knowable or mundane sphere. Such is the subtly unfamiliar process of ideology (technically termed hypostatization)[9] or more directly the making of a concept into reality.

Martin Buber emphasizes the necessity for a fuller understanding of God. He states:[10]

> "He who refuses to limit God to the transcendent has a fuller conception of Him than he who does so limit Him. But he who confines God within the immanent means something other than Him."

Thus it can be seen that a purely transcendent God is necessarily abstracted from man. If one is to manifest an omnipotent God, he must not, nor cannot limit his understanding of Him.

But a simple belief or understanding of God is inadequate. There is a need for an "emphatic partnership with God,"[11] but this must be a "leap of faith" (in the Kierkegaardian sense of uncertainty). Faith, not belief (which is the relation to the *idea* of God), becomes the relation to God. "Through lack of faith the divine escapes being known."[12]

As Eric Voegelin says in summation:[13]

> "For the participation in being changes its structure when it becomes emphatically a partnership with God,

while the participation in mundane being recedes to second rank."

The whole structure of man's *Weltanschauung* becomes more perfectly attuned. Faith re-establishes man's total outlook. It puts things in proper perspective. (The mundane becomes "second rank.") Truth is given first place in the community in life.

"Nevertheless," says Voegelin, "the leap upward in being is not a leap out of existence. . . . Man and society . . . must remain adjusted to the order of mundane existence. . . . There develop tensions, frictions and balances of temporal and spiritual powers, of secular state and church . . .,"[14] which will unavoidably remain a part of constituted reality. ●

—*Tom Zepp*

FOOTNOTES

[1]Karl Jaspers, *Man In the Modern Age* (New York, 1957), p. 4.

[2]Ernst Cassirer, *An Essay on Man* (New Haven, 1944), pp. 25-26.

[3]I realize that the implications of the aforementioned problems are great and emphasizes to the reader not to take them at their superficial level. But because of the brevity of this paper, I will leave these problems undeveloped.

[4]Rollo May, *Existence* (New York, 1958), p. 65.

[5]Solidification should not be construed to lead to a false conclusion of a static manner of confronting additional experience.

[6]Cassirer, p. 42.

[7]One must realize that symbols of religion are not theology, a science (thought about religion). Science and religious symbols are on different relationship—science here meaning theology. See further Martin Heidegger, *An Introduction to Metaphysics* (New Haven, 1957), p. 10.

[8]Insertion mine. Paul Tillich, "The Religious Symbol," in Rollo May, editor *Symbolism in Religion and Literature* (New York, 1960), p. 77.

[9]Martin Buber, *Eclipse of God* (New York, 1952), p. 21.

[10]*Ibid.*, p. 40.

[11]Eric Voegelin, *Order and History,* Vol I (Baton Rouge, 158), p. 10.

[12]Heraclitus, B 86, as quoted by Voegelin, *The New Science of Politics* (Chicago, 1952).

[13]Voegelin, *Order and History,* p. 10.

[14]*Ibid.*

Death Of A Rain

Who saw my love
In the sunflower fields
After the rain;
Who saw my love?

"I saw your love
Walk in the blooms,
Touching her finger
To scraps of summer,
After the rain, your love."

Who saw my love
Burning in the rainbow
And in the flowers;
Who saw my love?

"I saw her
With the dripping crumbs
In that arc of sky,
Dim and on fire.
I saw your love."

—Harold A. Lawrence, Jr.

Splendor In The Grass

"Son, aren't you going to help your Pa?"

"What?" I had been jarred from sleep by my mother's plea. Had there not been a hint of fear in her words I would have been cross. On the week end I am many times shamed from out my bed to go help Pa. I dread the sound of the old Case tractor, the chain saw, and the axe. It means I go from my warm, soft nest.

"The colt's sick. Pa called the vet."

"Oh, God, no!" I screamed, and only I heard. I don't think God heard.

I leaped from bed into my pants and boots and put my shirt on on the way to the barn. It was a cold, damp morning—like it always is when you get up before dawn to go fishing. But it was light.

I was scared; we'd save the colt though. We had to. We had named it Tot; that was my grandfather's name to those who loved and knew him. The colt had been born on the same day of the same month as the kind old man. This was my mare's first foal, and it was only six days old. Dark red of color, deep of voice, soft and wild—he was a real stud colt. All you could want, even if you did wait for it for one month less than a year.

There he lay on the floor of the stall with dirt on his damp coat—his dark red coat. It hurts a man to see a horse down; he's not meant to be there. Pa knelt at his side to rub his legs and make the blood flow. The colt, one colt, our love, lay there cold and damp, his deep dark eyes wide, his nose tense and flared, his jaw set; a twitch and then a calm. His still-new legs were stiff and hard to bend.

"How long since you called the vet?"

"Hour."

I knelt to rub the colt. Pa went to the house and came back. Where was the vet?

"Come on, damn you, come on!"

It must have been a year. Then there stood the vet, his cheeks and eyes as baggy as his shirt and pants.

He looked at the colt who lay stiff and tense on the ground, eyes wide, trying to see death—or God. I don't know which.

The vet kicked the colt on the nose—a blink, a jerk, and a squeal. Its neck and spine made sort of an arc when one stood to look at it.

"He's got lock jaw—might as well knock him in the head right now."

He pulled the nice clean scab from the colt's navel.

"You put any iodine on his navel when he was born?"—to Pa.

That s. o. b., he might as well hit Pa full in the face with a flint rock. Why can't a vet have a heart? Damn him!

He went to his car, brought back a black bag and gave the colt two shots and told us the odds. Then he left. Nice guy.

By then it was seven. Mother cooked. Pa and I ate silently. I felt like I was going to vomit.

My old man cried, the way a man does, by himself, and said it was his fault; he did not treat the colt's navel. But it wasn't his fault. Never was there a colt more fine and fit. He had been very much alive the day before. The virus had entered the colt's navel as soon as he was born in order to have killed in six days.

We were to cover the poor thing's body and turn him over every two hours so he would not get pneumonia. The fever raged on.

On the farm that hot, humid day there was oats to cut and store and grass to mow. I stayed as busy as I could. The colt called to the mare, but she would not go to him. She knew he was dying. Milk streamed from her hardened bag and teats. Once in a while she would call back to him. God, it would kill you to bear it.

Petty came, our smith and friend. I told him the colt was bad off, and he went down to look at it. His quiet manner and knowing eyes saw all, knew all. If the colt died he would take the mare to be bred again. In his simple way he told us why we must try again and why it had to be soon. He left as quietly as he had come, and he left us with hope for the next time.

Grass mowed and oats in the barn, we ate at three. Pa walked to the barn, to see the form which had once been a colt but was now dirt, sweat, and rock hard and turned in a strained arc. It was painful to look at such a sight.

Pa came back from the barn.

"The colt's dead."

Mother and Sis went to their rooms and cried.

Pa and I took the body of the colt out among the apple trees and with pick and shovel dug a hole which looked like the side view of a small horse. Sweat fell from my face, like sins. It was hot; it felt good, like hell.

We put the colt in the ground six days old and threw dirt on top of him. Pa raked the weeds out of the dirt and put in the damp soil some sun flower seeds.

We knew the colt not long and not real well; I guess it was best that way. Tot is more in than out of our hearts now. He was a soft, sweet span of time. He will be part of our love and our life.

The sun flowers have come to open and spread light, the pure soul of a little red horse colt. ●

—*Charles Hearon*

AIR
HA K'S
OIL
GAS

GAS

GAS

GAS
VAROOM---

VAROMM---

GAS
VARR
HA K'S
OIL
OOMMM

The One Thing

A former editor of the JOURNAL once asked me to write an article on jazz as part of a music survey he was planning. Somehow I never found time to write it. Besides, jazz is extremely hard to define. It is so much a part of American popular music and vice-versa, that the average person couldn't tell what it is if he were asked.

One thing must set jazz apart from fine popular music and rock and roll. That thing which sets it apart is not a "what" but a "how."

The art of improvisation has come down to us as a direct result of both folk and to a lesser degree, classical music. As anyone even partially familiar with the folk music tradition knows, there grew up in the Middle Ages a musical form performed by roving bands of minstrels, who earned their living entertaining at feasts and the like. Their songs told stories of heroic deeds and star-crossed lovers. Though there was a great oral tradition behind their songs they took a good deal of liberty with interpretation, sometimes adding verses of their own. Today folk music is more popular than ever and many artists still retain the art of individual interpretation according to the tradition of the song. These tunes are simple on the surface, but can be quite complicated. And the singer is able to do a bit of melodic improvisation. Thus, the folk song and its many fascinating traditions have come down to us.

Classical music is much more strictly interpreted, note for note, the only variations being in such things as tempi and dynamics. When Mozart wrote his piano concerti, he purposely left his melodic material fairly simple. The soloist was expected to add his own brilliantly ornamented figures to the basic themes of the music he was playing. He had to improvise and use his mind as well as his fingers. Years later Chopin wrote a great deal of embellishment into his own music but pianists were still expected to ornament the simplier melodies. Nor is piano music the only place where this occurs. In the operas of baroque composers like Handel, for instance, the singers would actually try to outdo one another in the use of runs, trills, and other vocal ornaments. In Chopin's time the operas of Bellini and Rossini required singers to improvise upon the music, although a great deal was already written into the music itself. These ornamental devices are still considered so much a part of opera that it is hard for people to think of it in any other way.

That completely American music, jazz, from its beginnings in the African work song to the very earliest "blues;" the urban "blues" of people like Leroy Carr to "ragtime" of the early century; "the original Dixieland band" of 1916, to the white Chicago "Dixieland" bands; the swing bands of Benny Goodman, and others, which later became popular dance music; the genius of Charlie Parker's "bop," the first "way out" modern jazz; the so called "cool school" of Mulligan, Brubeck and Miles Davis; "rhythm in blues" from which rock and roll is derived; Afro-Cuban jazz, bossa nova, so called "free form" jazz in which there is sometimes little recognizable melody or rhythm; and "third stream" jazz, a sort of fusion of jazz and classical music—have one thing in common, that element of spontaneous improvisation.

When a jazz musician plays a standard thirty-two bar popular song or a twelve-bar "blues" he usually first states the theme as the composer wrote it, and then launches into a improvised solo on a framework of chords built around the original melody. A singer has lyrics to think about. He uses his voice like an instrument, getting the rhythmic feeling and perhaps some melodic embellishment. So common is this practice that it is done in some of the best popular music, although this is not imperative. The essential difference between popular dance music, commercial pseudo-jazz, rock and roll, and real jazz is the degree of spontaneity of the improvised solos. Don't get me wrong. There is a great deal of artistic merit in the writing, arranging, and interpreting of high quality popular music. The key words here, however, are *thought* and *taste*. But that would take another essay.

My quarrel is with the great quantity of commercialized ersatz-jazz that is passed off on the public each year. Far too many people hear and enjoy it, never really knowing what they are missing. There is no crime in liking a particular type of thing. The fault lies in not discovering what it is about that thing that makes you "dig it." There is another problem also. Most Americans don't take time to listen. Far too often we are willing to accept the chaff of something and don't bother scratching for the wheat. We can derive much more enjoyment from anything if we take time to find out the whys. Reasons like, "that's pretty" and "it's cool" aren't really complete explanations. In the case of popular music, for example, many of the finest songs written have been lost in the shuffle because too few people have not been cognizant of it or even aware of its existence. This tendency toward unawareness is especially ironic where jazz is concerned. Jazz is one of only three musical art forms that is thoroughly American, the other two are the folk music of the Appalachians, and the barber shop harmony.

Jazz, then, is not a "what" but a "how." It is how the music is played, how original the improvisation is, how the rhythm is used. Whether it be Bach, or "bop"; Bernstein, or the "blues"; Gershwin or Grieg, the one thing that is important is that "how," and that "how" of individual creation is why I enjoy listening to, and playing jazz whenever possible. ●

—*Steve Stirling*

Too many spots of time are scattered,
Scattered and blurred . . . .
Blurred, the Van Gogh got mired in the muck
And ripped itself to pieces,
Pieces which fell-fall-fell through paradoxical moments,
28-dayed-cycles-seasons . . . time,
And splatter, splattered
Now.
I stand and stare.

The breeze, then wind, then gale nudged, pushed,
and wipping them
In circles,
They blow out to sea.
And I watch the patient, anxious lapping
waves
Devour them in her arms
—I sigh.

I bathe in the sanguine dawning light of
of dying night.
Get thee hence.
Salt will not taste well on the lotus
eaters food
And salt must be thrown upon you
to end your leechy spell.

I see my path—I must walk in
the summer rain
Barefoot.
Barefoot with my toes wiggling in the
mud.
I must feel each drop, each drop.
I must watch the rippling shadows
of each pool until
The shadows break and join the
streams toward the sea.
Then, then, I'll take my nice
warm shower; then and only then.

—Millard Gibson

Book Review

THE GROUP, Mary McCarthy (Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc.)

* * *

The Group has become one of the most talked about books of the year. It seems destined to become an addition to popular campus books which fit the category of *Tropic of Cancer*. The novel documents the lives of eight Vassar girls, class of '33, who room together during their college years. The story opens during the wedding of Kay Strong to Harold Peterson a week after commencement. Kay's funeral a few years later closes the action. The plot consists of sequences in the lives of each of the girls following graduation. The study of the girls' post-graduate years will give it appeal to a college student.

The Group is essentially a social history; a critique of a decade. The group itself consists of a Marxist, a free-love advocate, a sophisticated Lesbian, and a sampling of self-styled intellectuals thrust into a society that rejects their non-conformity. They find a marked contrast between their rational world and the world as it really is. Those who fear that I am describing a matronly essay on morals will have their fears allayed in the sex scene in chapter two. This will undoubtedly be the most carefully read selection of the book by Wofford readers.

I found Miss McCarthy's distinctly feminine style interesting. Much of the book is gossip and womanly observations. Some readers will be annoyed by the minute and lengthy descriptions. A few descriptions such as the analysis of Mrs. Prothero, are witty but seem unnecessary. One reviewer has said the seduction scene could be written for burial in a time capsule against the day when sex is a forgotten activity." Miss McCarthy shows a coldness and little compassion for the shortcomings of her characters. Jack Parr said to have described Miss McCarthy as a "feminine Ernest Hemingway." I regard this as a repulsive compliment to pay to a lady, but I can see the similarity. Her biting satire fills the story with irony at the false promises of our modern society.

Miss McCarthy shows great skill as a writer. The transition between sequences is good. The dialogue moves along rapidly. Her characters are quite convincing and easy to identify. Yet, most readers will agree that she has failed to carry out a most important process. She has failed to communicate. I could see various problems she wished to point out. But I was unable to clearly define a central idea. Many of us still read a book asking ourselves, "What is the author trying to say?" Don't ask this of *The Group* or you will go without answer. I am also afraid *The Group* has few qualities of lasting literature. The problems it discusses are problems of a particular period and not for all time. Yet, as a witty, social satire, as an experience of interesting characterization, I would have to conclude that *The Group* is superb. ●

—*Will Willimon*

ELEGY

Written On A Country Highway

I watched him spin in the headlight beam,
A lazy circle as night rushed past,
To find the love of his long sought dream
In a crystal trickle down my glass.
(I had no heart for the wiper blade.)

—HAL

The Stranger

I saw her standing in the east bedroom
Still staring at the big egg yellow spread,
Just as the sky broke through the trees outside.
(The rush was lost in crocuses of dawn.)
The roses in the corner were subdued,
And so I felt a stranger to intrude
Upon the utter nakedness of things,
As fearful as a passing child of time
In wrongful passing breaks a window glass.
How true may time connect us to the past.

Now I have smelled the dustiness of age
Drift through the lonely hours of afternoon,
And I have tasted lonesome summer days
Upon the lips of one familiar maid.
But as she stood there in the east bedroom,
I felt no sudden burst or flood in me
Of blue wild flowers blowing by the gate,
Half hidden by the tall grass in the yard
When wind would flip the light green undersides.
I felt no birth of idle passing flowers.
How well may time collect our stolen hours.

But all of time we muster gets away,
And morning passes into after hours,
When blossoms fold and summer slips behind
A western window of another room.
I am a stranger on the western side,
And I bequeath to darkness all of me.
My passings follow from an eastern vein,
And all her staring puts no light on things.
The pass of darkness has no need of light.
How well may time acquaint us with the night.

—Harold A. Lawrence, Jr.

A Few Fields

A boy came running down the beach. He sent little spurts of dirt flying high into the air as his feet dug deeply into the loose sand. A wave hit the beach and water rolled up around his feet. He ran with the water exploding into the air as his feet pounded through the shallow surf.

The beach curved inward and formed a sheltered inlet. On the opposite side of the inlet a large number of huts climbed up the side of a gently sloping hill. The boy ran on, the wind whipping through his hair. A woman sitting outside the village area looked up worriedly as he ran past. Several men working on a beached fishing boat dropped their hammers and hurried after the boy.

"A boy is running this way."

Larth left the unfinished pot on his forge and hurried over to the window when his wife spoke. He saw the boy rush past the outlying huts and felt the beginings of fear.

"Two ships are coming, two viking ships," shouted the boy as he ran into the center of the village.

The headman was already out of his hut and the men of the village were coming into the square from all sides. Larth pushed through the crowd and stood near the headman.

"The Vikings are coming," said the headman. "We will not run to the hills; we will fight. Go to your homes and gather your weapons."

Larth hurried back to his house. The Vikings had come before but the villagers had always run to the hills and waited till they had plundered the town before returning. Many had starved during the winters because the Vikings burned the fields. Now the headman had decided to protect the fields. Larth knew the Vikings must be fought but he paled at the thought of meeting a warrior in battle.

Larth pulled his sword from its sheath and balanced it in his hand. As the potter of the village he had been able to get a fine sword and shield. Larth slipped the heavy wooden shield on his left arm and tested the blade of the sword with his finger. He had used the sword in practice but could he use it when that cold metal sliced into human flesh?

Larth smiled reassuringly at his wife. She stood at the door of the hut for a moment, clutching a small cloth bag, then hurried to hide with the rest of the women.

The headman motioned for quiet as Larth and the last few men arrived. "We will do as I have planned. The men with swords will meet the Vikings first and fall back to the village. The spearmen will attack when the Vikings reach the village."

Larth knew the plan but he had never realized just how few swordsmen there were. Thirty swordsmen and they were to meet two boats of Vikings, almost one hundred warriors!

The crews pulled the red sails down as the Viking ships entered the inlet. The Vikings saw the small band of villagers and began to steer their long ships that way. The ships glided smoothly across the inlet and Larth began to taste fear in his mouth.

As the first Viking ship ground onto shore the villagers unsheathed their swords. With a shout the Viking warriors jumped from their ships and began rushing up the hill. Larth wondered which one he would meet, the large one with a winged helmet, or one of the others carrying the huge double-bladed battle ax that the Vikings wielded with such terrifying ease.

Suddenly the Vikings surged into the thin line of villagers. Larth swung his sword and missed. The Vikings crushed together in their eagerness to kill. Villager was pressed face to face with Viking. The press pinned Larth's arms to his side; he couldn't swing his sword so he stabbed with it. A huge battle-ax swung past his ear and neatly chopped a corner of his shield off. Larth managed to get his sword high enough to hack at a Viking's helmet. The sword had no blood on it and Larth cursed his inability to strike a solid blow. A Viking brought his ax back and swung trying to scythe Larth down. Larth ducked and the ax whistled past his head. Someone screamed by him and Larth turned to see one of the villagers with the ax buried between his ribs. The Viking ripped the ax out and the villager dropped under the feet of the fighters. Larth struck again and again with his sword but the Viking easily countered the thrusts with his shield. The tremendous battle-ax rose again and crashed into Larth's shield. The Viking jerked his ax from the shield nearly throwing Larth to the ground. The horrible ax keened through the air just missing Larth. Larth swung at the Viking's arm and his sword cut into flesh and shattered the bone beneath. The Viking roared in pain and the battle-ax dropped from his useless hand. Larth threw his weight forward trying to spread the fighters near him apart. The crowd grew even tighter.

Suddenly there was a shout from behind and the people about him melted away. The spearmen from the village were attacking! A Viking battled two spearmen fiercely but fell when another spearman lanced him from the rear. The Vikings fell back in disorder. An ax screamed past Larth's ear and cut a burning path across his chest. Larth dropped his sword and stumbled fo

ward; but the Viking ran on, fleeing from the spearmen.

Larth shook his head fighting the shock of pain. The ax had cut deeply but had not wounded him badly. He pressed his tunic to the wound to stop the flow of blood. Below the spearmen had almost pushed the Vikings to their ships.

It looked as though the Vikings would fall back to their ships and leave until one of their chiefs pushed his way through the spearmen. He swung his battle-ax as though it were a toy, splitting men's skulls and shattering spears in one motion. The ax rose into the sky covered with blood. The other Vikings began to stand their ground and pushed the villagers back. A villager lunged and rammed his spear through the chief. The Vikings saw their chief fall but attacked more determinedly.

Larth had ripped part of his tunic to hold the wound closed. He waited near the edge of the village as the Vikings once more pushed up the hill. Five villagers attacked a single Viking. The Viking broke a spear before he fell to his knees. He still fought, unseeing he flashed out with a knife. A spear struck him full in the chest and he died still trying to kill.

A Viking, flecked with blood, made his way toward Larth. His arm was bleeding freely from one deep cut and his battle-ax smoked with blood. Larth met him and battle-ax smashed into shield while sword clanged on armor. The warrior fought skillfully, forcing Larth back, sending smashing blows at the shield till Larth could hardly raise his arm to ward off another blow. The Viking screamed as several villagers sent their spears ramming through chain mail and into his back. The Viking continued pounding at Larth till he could no longer stand. Larth watched the Viking crumple to the ground and die and felt nothing but hate.

A few Vikings were still standing. They fought like lions surrounded by jackals, the huge axes falling in deadly arcs. The villagers, sensing victory, fought harder but the cost in lives was still high. The last Viking was killed and the battle ended. The long ships were still grounded just below the village and the fields were still untrampled; none would die because food grew scarce.

Larth looked down at the beach and saw village men spread about in grotesque positions of death. He looked at his sword still red with a Viking's blood. A Viking warrior half in and half out of a long ship sent a thin stream of blood down the ship and into the water, tainting it an ugly green.

"Are a few fields worth all this?" Larth asked half aloud. "By all the gods can we do this for some grain?"

"What would you do, Larth?" Larth looked over at the headman who was bending over a wounded villager.

Larth opened his mouth then closed it suddenly. He slammed his sword down and winced as his wound opened, "I don't know." He turned, stepped over the shattered parts of a spear then kicked a Viking battle-ax out of his way. "I just don't know." ●

—*Charles E. Thompson*

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Grey days end quickly
And in the wink of a wind-dried eye
The night begins its vigil . . . long and cold
The wind picks up and whistles us off
To where hearth is warm
And andirons glow red hot,
To where the whistling wind will whine
A different tune.

The smoke curls
And dancing flames pursue.
But the flames with all their luster are confined
And the unchained smoke leaves them far behind.
Logs sizzle and steam and foam and explode
Sending sparks scurrying in all directions.
Some few follow the meandering stream of smoke.
They too curl up and out the chimney's top.
They too are hustled off by the hurtling wind.

And when it's very dark
They trace the path of the whirling, curling windsmoke.
Yet not as far as its destination
Never as far as its termination
Never to that somewhere north of the sooted bars
But south of those shimmering, chilly stars
Where a hearth beckons and andirons glow
And windsmoke spins its weary web—
For that's a windsmoke secret.

—Richard F. Ceci

Decisions

Away in the distance a hill can be distinguished
From the natural flow of life.
To remain or to go forward?
Maybe joys unseen await
Ponder—
Wait—
AND
See—

—Grady Locklear

Record Reviews

CHOPIN — WALTZES, Rubinstein (Victor).

The Schwann Catalogue lists at least eleven recordings of the Chopin waltz collection. This seems to attest to their popularity among performing musicians as well as the public. They have been the vehicles for a countless number of pianists who wanted to show off their playing skill, while performing something the audience was familiar with. Nevertheless from RCA comes one of the most satisfying collections of these waltzes to date.

The pianist is the ever young Artur Rubinstein, who seems to draw springs of youth and vigor from the music he plays. This set contains the complete collection of Chopin's famous waltzes. It compares well with the earlier Victor set made in the mid-fifties. But, if the liner notes are correct, this album was made entirely from first takes. Rubinstein's playing penetrates the nostalgic surface gaiety or sadness each selection imparts. He brings out much more of the subtle voicings and melodic invention of which Chopin was so fond. Rubinstein seems to be able to transform these miniature dance pieces into the works of art of which they are, and this is the real joy of this recording. Under the wrong fingers this music can become dull, lifeless and boring. This album, however, is not so much a testimony of the greatness of Artur Rubinstein, but rather, a commentary of the genius of Chopin.

* * *

KISMET, Merrill, Resnik, McKellar (London).

London Records has once more focused attention upon one of the finest scores ever stolen from classical music. The music for this show was taken from Alexander Borodin's opera, "Prince Igor." Not only is this adaptation a successful delight with its soaring melodies, but the composers have provided a set of uncommonly poetic and clever lyrics.

London's remake may stir a bit of controversy. Cast in the role of the "Beggar-poet" is singer Robert Merrill. His fine baritone works well on this recording. However, he seems to be more interested in the music than in the lyrics he is singing. His efforts to sound effortless result in strange pronunciation of vowels and garbled diction, at times.

Regina Resnik, though sometimes sounding a bit too matronly throws herself into the music she sings with appropriate vigor. She is a far from relaxed popular song stylist with her rather large voice, but she manages to create the role in spite of herself. Little need be said about the lovers. Miss Lee and McKellar are ideal in their parts, bringing out all the special beauty of their music.

The direction of Montovanni is generally good. He stays quite close to the original orchestration. Unfortunately, he doesn't resist the temptation to make the London Symphony Orchestra sound like his own cascading strings. This nearly ruins "Stranger in Paradise," and "This Is My Beloved." Though the original cast album is preferable, a fine supporting cast, imaginative use of stereo and altogether excellent sound quality make this album a fine investment, presenting the score with the accent on beauty, rather than on warmth of presentation.

* * *

IN CONCERT, Peter, Paul and Mary (Warner Bros.).

Little need be said about this concert album. It contains a group of "song and dance" routines taken from several appearances. This implies that no one concert was satisfactory enough. They sing their songs in the tried and true "Peter, Paul and Mary" style, so that no matter what they sing the song is either fast and spirited, or slow, sweet and dull. The "Three Ravens" is a good example of the latter. Apparently these are the only two folk traditions they understand.

The concert is geared specifically for the teen-age market. Their satire on "Blue" is quite funny, although they completely ignored the fact that they are folk song modifiers themselves. I didn't know that "Blue" was a children's song. Paul's sound effects are quite good, but in spite of the fact that there is a great deal of truth in his satire, it isn't really funny. Mary's singing especially "There Is a Ship" is most convincing.

Happily, only about a fourth of this set is devoted to past hits. They are done much better in live performance than in their studio recordings. Naturally they have the audience eating off the strings of their guitars. This attests to its being a good concert album and a *must* for all their fans of which I am not one.

* * *

FUNNY GIRL, Streisand and Chaplin (Capital).

As everyone knows by now Funny Girl and its star, Barbra Streisand, are one of the top attractions on Broadway today. And there is little to criticize in its cast album.

The score is a fine one. Jule Styne and Robert Merrill have provided excellent music and lyrics which not only work well in the context of the show, but which will also endure as fine popular music as well. Miss Streisand has been given a wider range of expression than in her previous albums. As Fanny Brice, she sings everything from neo-Dixieland (Mr. Cornet Man) and Jewish comedy material (Sadie, Sadie); two candid portrayals of the character herself (Don't Rain On My Parade) and reflective ballads (People). On the whole, Miss Streisand's work is excellent. She comes through as the actress stylist which she is, and thereby creates the image of Fanny Brice. Apparently she was tired and under a bit of strain, for her voice sometimes sounds edgy. Capitol has miked her in such a way that some of the overtones in her voice sound like those of Theresa Brewer, but this detracts very little from her work. She is at her best in "Mr. Cornet Man," "Sadie, Sadie," "Who Are You Now," which is a refreshingly different look at love, and a fine torch, "The Music That Makes me Dance." Other songs that will probably become standards are "Don't Rain On My

Parade," "You Are Woman," and "I Want To Be Seen With You."

Ralph Burns' orchestrations are tailor made for this show. "Funny Girl" even has an overture with much more subtlety than the usual slam-bang type show overture.

Both mono and stereo sound is adequate though it "leaves something to be desired." This disc then, is a must for not only the Barbra Streisand fans but also the devotees of fine show music. It seems to be the best musical so far this year.

* * *

TRIO "64", Bill Evans.

For those who have never heard Evans play before, this album is a good example of his skill. He plays with all the taste and subtlety of the thoroughly trained classical musician. In fact, he holds the masters degrees in both piano and teaching. His touch and dynamic are refined to the point of making the tones of the piano almost sing, and even in his most muscular solos it never sounds harsh or overbearing. So well disciplined are his fingers, that he is able to express exactly what he is thinking. And what eloquent thoughts! Much of his chord structure is derived from Ravel, Debussy, and Chopin. Each phrase he plays rises to a peak and comes to a logical conclusion. He never leaves the listener hanging in the air, and he completes all his ideas successfully. His ability to play arpegios and runs equals Oscar Petersons and Peter Neros, and he can do them with extreme delicacy, if he likes. Most of all, this influential jazz musician has developed a distinctive style without trying to do anything that startles the listeners.

"Trio '64" is a typical Bill Evans album. It contains two jazz waltzes. "I'll See You Again" floats along delightfully, and "Always" contains a great deal of rhythmic subtleties such as Evans often likes to use in a waltz. The novelty song "Little Lu-Lu" is given a spritely, humorous treatment. He is to be commended for doing "Santa Claus Is Coming To Town," and "For Heaven's Sake," the latter given a pensive ballad treatment. These are only a few of the delights of this album.

His drummer, Paul Motian, swings unobtrusively in the background, making himself heard but never overpowering Evans. It is too bad that more drummers do not learn to play with such quiet inventiveness. Since the death of Scott La Faro a couple of years ago Evans has been trying to find a bassist who was as capable as he. La Faro didn't stick to playing mere rhythm behind Evans. He played a sort of free bass line, putting down what amounted to a solo while Evans played. Gary Peacock is one of La Faro's disciples. His innerplay with Evans in this set is fine. But he's much too interested in exploring the scale in his solos, to express his ideas coherently. He shows great promise, however.

Though this is not the best album a Bill Evans Trio has recorded, it should prove satisfying listening for those who like good taste as well as emotion in their jazz. ●

—*Steve Stirling*

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Editorial

"Oh, That Shakespeherian Rag..."

This seems to be an age of change—small changes, most of them, but they fit together in such a conglomeration that it is rather staggering to contemplate them. Change is the perogative of man, and without it, of course, there could be no "progress."

If you will now re-read the preceding paragraph, you will notice the complete and absurd vagueness of it. This is probably descriptive of the problem. Change is what we bring about, change is what we consciously strive for, and when progress gives us a cold wet slap in our sleepy faces, we wonder, "how, why, when?" It is not a precise problem, nor can any element of it be defined.

There are degrees of change, of course, and they range from the stainless steel razor blade to the governmental *coup d'etat*. The problem we face today in America is not when to change, or how to change, for we know that only too well. The problem is *why?* Nobody seems to really know, and very few care. Is there some great, soft, womb-like, pragmatic, omniscient, End? No—unless one characterizes such political promises as the Great Society as such. Modern man has fallen behind his thinkers, his artists, his definers. Wholesale misunderstanding, mass negligence, and simple sloth are the barriers to understanding. We simply change, then change that change, then change something else in a great chain reaction of misdirected particles and bits that is so unstopable we call it Progress. As nearly as I can tell, that is as clear a definition as exists.

The real crying injustice in all this miasmic confusion is that each particle and bit that flys about caught up in this chain reaction is either a human being or represents one—if the government builds housing for the indigent, the economically established people pay for it. Change, in this case, may beget a kind of fantastic prosperity for those who have never known it, but they are about to see it slip ethereally away. Why? Change, change, change.

The Grand Riddle of the Age is then, why? This is the same "why" most people have given up asking themselves, as I mentioned earlier. Some writer, or perhaps he was a politician, has suggested some great mystic mandate as the reason. Religion does not demand change, or at least not the change in the *physical* world we are presently concerned with. But, to a great extent religion has lost the control over worldly matters it once had. So, his mandate is evidently from politics, since politics has taken all the power in the secular world. But politics is still essentially devoted to government, and government is essentially the doctrine that concerns what man may *not* do. Can we conclude, then, that man is negatively motivated in this developmental change in his physical world? No—the problem is not so easily solved.

The basis for the answer that is most readily apparent is the old Romantic doctrine, the old heroic mode of thought, coupled with the materialistic grasping theories of the mercantilists.

Somewhere along the line of history since the Greeks we have gained a new mode of thought that is a Bastardization of all the great artistic movements. The Age of Reason clouds the Greek philosophy, the Romantics play around with words and re-arrange anything that the Renaissance and Shakespeare may have left us. The result is one great big Imprecission.

Some of the critics in our day damn the modern writers for doing nothing about clarifying things. Their understanding of "doing nothing" is in the moderns' further cloudy imprecision of being obscure, pedantic, and too much concerned with man, to the exclusion of God. These are, I admit, gross simplifications of their ideas. Still, when one visits the well-equipped library of another school, volumes with titles approximating *The Failure of Religion in Modern Literature* are in great abundance.

These men are *off* the line of thinking that the artists are *on*. Therefore, their criticisms seem empty from a subjective point of view.

I believe that the great writers of our day, and the painters to some extent, have explained to us the real reason, the mandate if you will, for change. They explain it in terms of misdirected man, errant, with the firm belief that he is backed up by " History," a mystical god to some degree. Modern authors struggle desperately, in some causes to return to the Grecian mode. From Greek art, we ascertain that man then knew a great deal about himself. Their outlook was by no means simple, but it was what we would call today "pure." That is was *the* primary mode, and that it has been drastically diluted, no one can doubt.

What these men do, it seems to me is to try to re-define the modern world in Greek-like terms, to re-vitalize the language. This last is necessary, because as we fall behind our artists, we drag the language down with us.

Man seems to be blindly groping, searching, probing each new idea and new field, leaving in his wake change as the grand modern Machine. Change, say the modern writers, is good, but blind change, such as our 20th century mania, is a prelude to catastrophe.

Literature is a grand force—it stimulates thought as nothing else can. It seems to me modern readers either misunderstand the workings of our greatest literary minds, or they do nothing about things that they understand. These men are not moaning about things that are lost—they seek to teach us a new language, a new logic, a new mode of action. We are in need of these things, and it is certain that these changes will not be "change for change's sake. ●

—*Fred Robbins*

THE JOURNAL

WOFFORD COLLEGE
JANUARY • 1965

THE JOURNAL
OF WOFFORD COLLEGE

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WHAM!

"Once more into the breach, dear iends . . ." Here is Dose No. 2, rved on a pewter platter with ample lt for each of you to have one grain. ere's hoping that Saint Nick was ce to you, and that these other Jolly ld Fellows will be even nicer. (That es not come *gratis,* in case you hadn't ticed.)

This issue is dedicated to two things -the College (our College, that is) d The Journal. You will find some ndom selections from old *Journals* that ay invoke some criticism. These sections will help us celebrate the 77th ar that The Journal has been published. There are three articles about e College included, in hopes they ill invoke some thought about this ost important of institutions to all us. For most of us, Grady Locklear's ticle about the older College buildings ls in a gap in our knowledge of Wofrd's history, since freshmen aren't reired to memorize any of these facts. hen we have a view of Wofford as en by Costa Pleicones, who will graduе in January. At the very least, this ould provoke some thought. Last, but t least, I hold forth windily, grasping straws and clutching at air, full of e knowledge that I am here (hopelly) 'til May.

This issue carries three short stories tween its covers. Freshman David artley makes it with what is probably e first science fiction story ever to pear herein. See the brave editor. e the rocks. See the sticks. See the itor bleed. Bleed, editor! Bleed! eed!

March will see us intruding upon ur little lives again, so, 'til then, "Rally ound the Tomb, boys," and only all rocks, okay? ●

—*Fred Robbins*

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SOMEWHERE

Charles Hearon

"We'll go up that draw to the left of the falls 'til we hit the wall. Decide there which way up."

"O. K. I got the hammer and the pinions. You keep the rope and the pick. Keep an eye open for rattlers. It's cold but a few might be out in the sun."

The two young men walked swiftly along, swinging their feet through the crisp oak leaves. A feeling of lightness in their limbs, it was good to come to these mountains after being away at school for two months. Good to see each other now that growing older was pulling them apart.

Travis, with the rope over his left shoulder and the sharp slender pick in his right hand, was the first to talk since leaving the road. "It's great, isn't it? I get so damn cramped and tired at school I can't stand it. I have to come up here and walk through the leaves and climb over the rocks and leap the streams. I don't know exactly what it is."

"I know what you mean; the air is so pure and the wind carries the fragrance of dry oak leaves and tingling evergreens. It makes a man stand tall and fill his lungs. Its puts order back where confusion and school and multi-directional scurrying has been for so very long." Will was wordier than Travis; he had a keen mind which seemed to show in his graceful, almost silent movement. He was a rather slim boy, stronger in proportion than Travis, but not in quantity. Travis was a thick, muscular boy, built like a halfback. He walked with a heavier step. Their companionship was a rather typical one. Each appreciated and enjoyed the other's company and experiences.

Thus they walked along the old logging trail looking and finding pleasure for the senses, speaking only to comment on some object or scene.

Then they stood at the dark moi bottom of the giant waterfall. Spra carried through the turbulent air cu rents. Fallen leaves were trapp against the rocks and boulders by t tumbling, swirling waters. The bo looked down into the water at the leav struggling so hard to free themselv and drift into the slick sliding chu of running water.

Travis said, "Makes you want to ta a stick and rake them free—like t spirit of man trapped in a day to d hum-drum."

"Or like us in school—or life. Tryi to enter the set paths of existence."

The two looked up to where waterfall ran down from out the s Restless, needing to expand their ergies, they were ready to begin climb up the rock side to the left the falls.

They rock-hopped the bubbli rumbling stream and progressed sc fifty feet up a draw which stopped at rock wall of the fall-side.

"I'll keep the rope for the first sl it's not too steep; watch out for l rocks and don't step on a leaf pile

"I'm right behind you, pardner."

The first hundred feet of the was rough and gradually eroded gi easy access to climbing. Here the stopped on a small ledge, mossy dry and covered with lichens.

Will took out a pack of cigarettes handed one to Travis. They were w ed by the jaunt, and they had cli up into the late afternoon sun on fall side. A drink of water from canteens and a smoke would be a sant rest.

Travis said, "Sure is a pretty usually hazy this time of year, ha had any forest fires this fall thou

Will answered, "Yea. Say, you ko we ought to come up here next wee and bring Jeanne and Caroline have a picnic at the falls on o those big boulders. They could f picnic; I'll have my car next week.

"I'll bring a couple of blanket my portable radio; it'll be great up alone—no one to talk to but each

anne and I haven't really been to-
ther by ourselves since this summer.
inda forgotten what it was like. Week-
ds at school are so short and frantic."

"It's hard to talk much when others
e around and when there's so much
do, places to go. These are the times
hen having a girl helps a boy keep
s feet on the right path."

A pause as the two finished their
ioke and looked into the light of the
id-afternoon sun. They rose without
eaking, gathered their gear, and began
oking at the vertical wall of rock that
tended into the sky—to their right the
unging waterfall.

"You lead, Trav, and don't kick any
cks down on me."

"Don't worry, amigo. I ain't gonna
irt you."

Upward they climbed, slowly, finding
ot-holds and handholds, their breath-
g becoming more noticeable and a
owing audibility of the heart's beating.
thirty minutes they had climbed some
venty-five feet—about half the dis-
nce to the top of the almost perpen-
cular rock.

"How you doing, Will?"

"All right. Kinda testy going with the
ose rocks. Funny feeling when they
p under your hand and go tumbling
own to the stream."

"Makes my stomach flutter. Excite-
ent. Guess that's why I'm up here."

The young men were climbing up-
ard following a visible jagged crack in
e age-old quarry rock, crossing and re-
ossing it in their ant-like progress.
ravis was above Will by some ten feet
hen he heard a rock scraping against
iother rock, a rapid scurrying, and a
isp of tightly held breath. He turned
iickly, looking down, saw Will hang-
g by his finger tips to a dusty and shal-
w seam in the rocks.

"Hold on! God! Hold on!"

Will couldn't talk—couldn't say a
ord. Sweat oozed out of his face; tears
n from his eyes. His fingers ached.
is toes found their only support in the
ugh texture of the rock-side he was
inging to.

Travis slammed the pick into a crack,
iecked it for security, pulled the rope
off his shoulder and uncoiled it downward toward Will. He looped and secured his end to the pick head and braced its free end with his shoulder. This took twenty-five seconds. Life slipped down the rock-face to Will. He grabbed the rope, coiling it desperately about his wrists so he would slip down no more, and pulling slowly, still with tears and sweat in his eyes, he brought himself up to the ledge he had been on when he slipped. He rose as slowly and as quietly as smoke from a burning stump until he stood upon the ledge with his stomach and arms and wet, twitching face against the rock wall. He looked at Travis through blurred eyes. He trembled and felt sick; he felt the coppery bitter taste of fear. He could say nothing. If he shook much more he would surely fall.

"Tie the rope around your waist. We'll climb on to the top and take the path down the other side. You yell if you want to rest."

Travis had saved his life, had sent him life through the rope. If he ever got off this fall-side he would——but he still could not think straight or talk. Fear and fatigue were pulling like a heavy pack on his back. His mind cried out "Oh, God, get me down, get me down!"

Travis sensed this fear in Will, saw him shaking, and in climbing upward kept the rope secured from his waist to Will's. There remained only thirty feet more of rock to climb. Then the blue sky and the brown grass and dry leaves of the mountain slope above the waterfall. A warm, sunny place where light, fragrant puffs of air rose from below to climb into the heavens above the crashing, tumbling falls.

Grass and leaves and some trickles of surface water had crept down among the rocks for twenty feet. Travis saw this trace of life, this home of existence in the rocks directly above him, and relief swept over him. He and his dangling friend had almost made it. They were nearly out of the depths and into the fields of sunshine.

A ledge was above him. Travis' hands sought and established a firm grip—the foundation for pulling himself up and over the last hard jutting obstacle. From there to the top, only fifteen feet, was gently sloping—no problem.

Travis's hands got hold of the mountain, his two arms contracted, his shoulders expanded. Upwards he pulled; and as he pulled himself up, he looked down through his legs and saw Will looking up—trusting—climbing too.

"Come on, Will, you got it."

Travis was then half way up on the ledge—the last ledge—supported by his arms. He lifted his eyes up from Will—up the rock before him—and there—not two feet from his own chest lay a coiled rattle snake. Travis convulsed and shuddered; he seemed to weigh hundreds of pounds; his arms were weak. Will seemed like the bobb on a pendulum. Life stopped, time stood still, the pendulum swung no more.

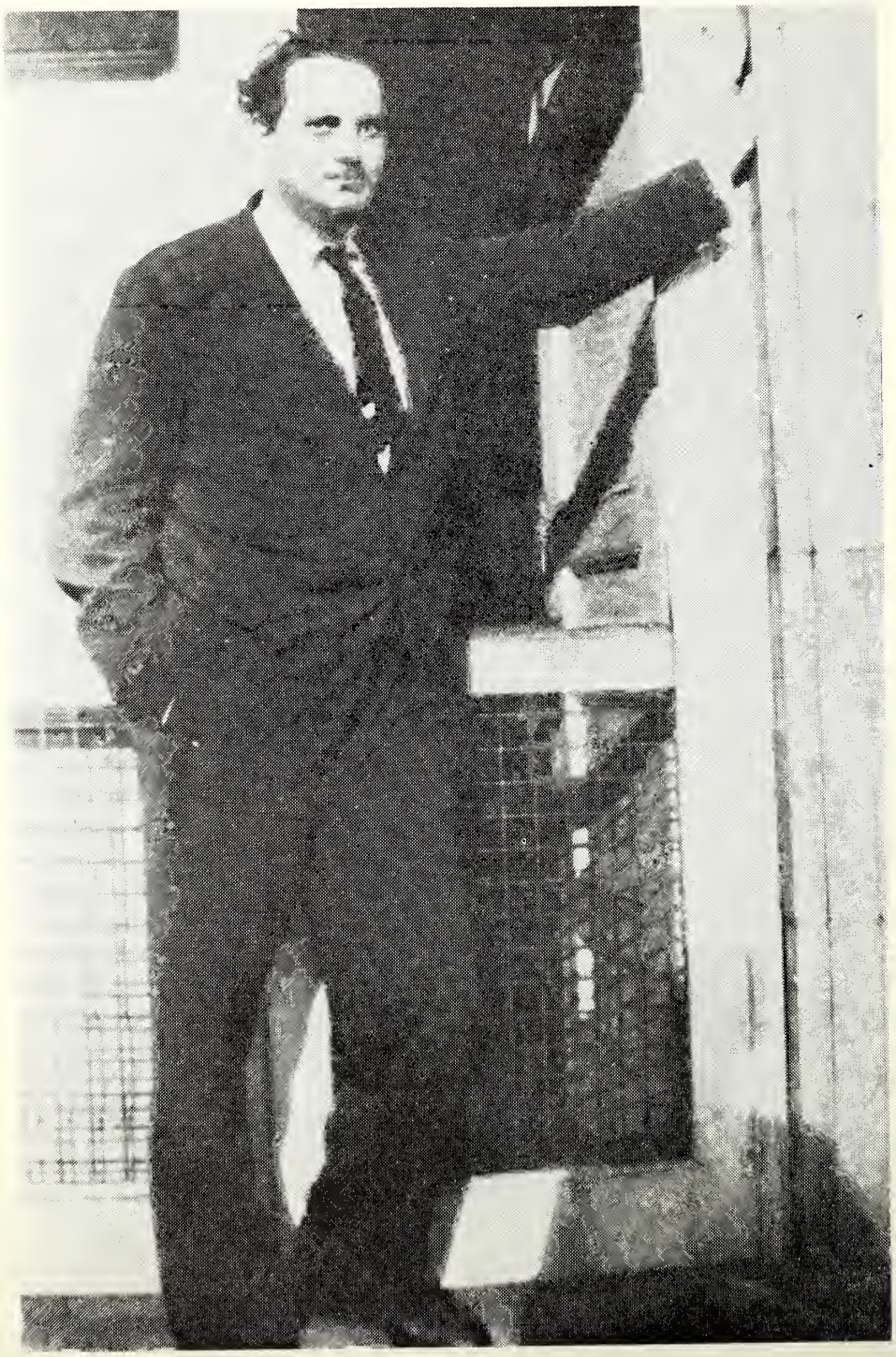
The snake uncoiled in a blurr striking Travis in the hot, moist neck. Travis jerked, lurched backwards and projected, screaming terror, from the top of the cliff. Will's world lasted for twenty feet of rope—the rope that had saved his life—the rope that owned his life—took it away.

A strange, ecstatic sensation bubbled and swelled in Will's stomach. He was drifting outward and down, like so many rocks thrown from high places, toward death and the unknown. His eyes focussed on a blurry panoramic strip of film. It was his fall. Or was it his life? Will didn't know; he only saw.

Like a bolas the two boys on opposite ends of a rope tumbled down the side of the ancient rock. Bones cracked and flesh was torn, yet the rope did not break. It held them together, one to the other, life to life and death to death.

They came to rest in a pool at the bottom of the water fall. Their bodies, half in and half out of the water, were trapped and pressed against the rocks. Their blood oozed out, and its stain was swept away, coloring the water that had earlier in the afternoon been green and lovely, as it carried leaves quickly and quietly along through its slick sliding chutes—to somewhere. ●

My Brother, The Novelist



Living here in Spartanburg, in world quite different from that of earlier days, is the last living blo relative of Thomas Wolfe, the litera giant from the hills of western Nor Carolina. Fred Wolfe, portrayed "Luke" in *Look Homeward, Angel,* sides in a small, one-story brick ho on Otis Boulevard. Retired and livi with his wife of almost 21 years, M Wolfe leads a very active and use life in the community. He is oft called upon by various school and soc groups to speak about his noted broth During the spring and summer mont while *Dixieland* (the old Wolfe ho on 48 Spruce Street in Asheville) open, he often conducts numer guided tours, pointing out the m interesting sights. Recently, Mr. Wo also had the time to visit and chat w an inquiring reporter from Woff College (i.e. this author) and to fre supply many candid comments ab his brother and family. From that in view, this author was able to obtai great deal of fresh information fron knowingly reliable source. Many tha go to Mr. Fred Wolfe for his gener cooperation in making this art possible.

Question: Mr. Wolfe, at what time you notice any signs of cociousness in Tom?

Mr. Wolfe: From the beginning we realized that Tom was different from other children. We noticed that he a very sensitive child, a child who a very early age, was more intereste reading than athletics. When he sta to school, he took great interest in work and became an excellent stud During his years at U. N. C., he br ened his interests somewhat, allov himself more time for sports and the Later, when he began to write pr sionally, he was able to draw upon almost superhuman powers of reco tion and express so beautifully his period of intense sensitivity—much ter than I or anyone else could eve

Question: What adverse effects, if would you say that Tom's b the youngest child in a family had on him?

r. *Wolfe:* The fact that Tom was the by of the family, plus the fact that he s somewhat different from the other ildren, caused us to feel that he was bit strange. Tom was deep and highly sitive, not the earthy sort like me. e picked on him quite a bit until he s around 10 or 11, mainly because we l not understand him. For my own rt, I probably bossed Tom on many casions in his younger days. The effect this early treatment, while by no ans excessively harsh or severe, built in Tom over the years and found its pression in the pages of *Look Homeard Angel*—where he gives an excepnally accurate account of his younger ys in Asheville.

uestion: Anyone who reads widely in Tom's writing receives the impression that your father, W. O. Wolfe, was at times given to excessive indulgences in alcohol by way of extended sprees. Is this an accurate evaluation of the man?

r. *Wolfe:* Far from it! Our father was dicted to the results and effects of ong drink—not to the drink itself. In ality, he was a powerful and deeply iritual man, a man with extraordinary strionic abilities. He was frustrated by e fact that he had not able to achieve higher position in life than he had. his frustration led him to periodic asms of heavy drinking, on the average out once or twice a year. He used cohol as a release from the built-up nsions that grew out of his overly tive spirit.

All of us realized our father's condin and became accustomed to his peri- ic outbursts. After each siege, which ually lasted no longer than a week, he ould become extremely remorseful, earing that he would never again uch a drop of alcohol. He then walk- the straight and narrow once more— ntil his spirit required another period release. After he reached the age of , he seldom took a drink of any sort— nd never did seek the outlet in alcohol at he once did in his earlier days.

uestion: Briefly describe your mother's extensive dealings in real estate around Asheville during Tom's early life.

Mr. Wolfe: While our father was busily engaged in his stonecutting trade, our mother developed an interest in the real estate business. The town of Asheville in the early 1900's was in the process of a new period of growth and expansion. New businesses were beginning to grow, and interest in land speculation accompanied this move. Our mother realized the potential in this area and began to buy up a good deal of local property—both as future security and as a business venture. Perhaps her most remembered purchase was the house on 48 Spruce Street—a large, rambling 17-room frame residence which was called "Old Kentucky Home." She used the place both as a home for us and also as a boarding-

house to help meet expenses. Even with her genius in the field of real estate, her ventures did not meet with our father's complete approval.

Question: One critic of your brother's writing has made this evaluation of Tom's characterization of Eliza Gant, your mother: Eliza was married to a man whom she neither loves nor respects. What is your reaction to this statement?

Mr. Wolfe: It is a complete distortion of the facts—an outright lie. At times, she might have become embittered at him for some reason, but she always loved him. She had the greatest respect for W. O., especially for the immense vitality and power that surrounded him—he actually radiated. In my opinion, no man ever had more respect or admiration from any woman.

Question: As most people who are acquainted with your brother's work will know, the publication of *Look Homeward, Angel* in 1929 caused quite a stir among the people of Asheville. What was your reaction to your brother's novel?

Mr. Wolfe: When *Look Homeward Angel* was published, my work required that I do a great deal of traveling. Therefore, at first, I only read the sections of the book which dealt with me. And believe me, Tom really tore me down—but I enjoyed every word of it. In doing so, he put me on the map and made me a much taller person than I had ever been. Tom treated me, as well as the other members of the family, very fairly. (He made us all great people.)

Look Homeward, Angel represented an outlet through which Tom was able to unload the spleen of his early, yet sensitive days back home. His almost photographic memory provided him with every detail needed to create a picture of his early life. As is true with almost any good writer, some of his treatments were not totally objective—but, they were told from the weather of his own life and experience as he saw it.

Question: Tom always expressed the greatest respect for Max Perkins, his capable editor at Scribner's. He saw him as not only an exceptional editor, but also as a friend and boon companion. What is your evaluation of the man?

Mr. Wolfe: Max Perkins was the greatest book editor of this century. The one virtue that he possessed which led to his greatness was his patience with the individual author. He was able to recognize true genius in its crudest form—and later to refine it to its greatest potential. Thomas Mann, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Theodore Dreiser, and Ernest Hemingway all were published under his guidance—a living testimony to his innate genius.

Tom portrayed Max Perkins through the character of "Foxhall Edwards"—the fox symbolizing victory through pa-

tience. Tom realized the value of Max's genius to his own career—and so ably expressed it in the dedication to *Of Time and the River:*

TO
MAXWELL EVARTS PERKINS
A great editor and a brave and honest man, who stuck to the writer of this book through times of bitter hopelessness and doubt and would not let him give in to his own despair, a work to be known as "Of Time and The River" is dedicated with the hope that all of it may be in some way worthy of the loyal devotion and the patient care which a dauntless and unshaken friend has given to each part of it, and without which none of it could have been written.

Question: During your brother's last few years, a situation developed which caused him to sever relations with Scribner's and Max Perkins. What was the cause of this break?

Mr. Wolfe: Tom was increasingly criticized for his close connections with Max Perkins. Some people felt that Tom could not write without Max's help—a criticism that was far from the truth. Tom wrote with a massive effusion of words from within his own spirit. He didn't write within the scope of any special, organized pattern. Max Perkins helped Tom's cause by organizing his massive outflow into a publishable form—the duty of any good editor. The public criticism—largely from the pen of Bernard de Voto—took the wrong view of the situation and assumed that Max Perkins was an irremovable crutch on which Tom had to lean. Tom's only alternative was to change publishers. His final decision, however, was not based on any ill feeling towards either Max Perkins or Scribner's. (Therefore, early in 1937, he entered into contract with Harper & Bros of New York and dealt directly with a young junior editor, exactly his own age — Edward C. Frewell.

Question: What was Tom's reaction to criticism of his work?

Mr. Wolfe: Tom was more sensitive than most authors to adverse criticism of his work. He felt that most critics were not in a position to render a judgment. While being greatly encouraged

by favorable comment on his writing, he was never quite able to adjust completely to the other extreme—often falling into periods of extreme depression and exasperation.

Question: After his western journey in 1938, Tom was taken seriously ill. From the Providence Hospital in Seattle, Washington, he wrote what was to be his last written record. Since you were with him then, relate the events behind this scene.

Mr. Wolfe: Tom had been ill for several weeks. Although he had had no connections with Scribner's for some years, Max Perkins still corresponded with Tom through me. On August 12, 1938, a letter arrived from Max. I decided to let Tom read it, even though he was very ill. Tom read the letter and wanted to answer it. I found some hospital stationery in a drawer and gave it to him. While I guarded the door, Tom wrote a short letter to Max. After his death, I found the letter in Max's office —displayed under the glass top of his desk. The letter went as follows:

I'm sneaking this against orders, but "I've got a hunch"—and I wanted to write these words to you.

I've made a long voyage and been to a strange country, and I've seen the dark man very close; and I don't think I was too much afraid of him, but so much of mortality still clings to me—I wanted most desperately to live a still do, and I thought about you al thousand times, and wanted to see y all again, and there was the impossi anguish and regret of all the work I h to do—and I know now I'm just grain of dust, and I feel as if a gr window has been opened on life I not know about before—and if I co through this, I hope to God I am better man, and in some strange wa can't explain, I know I am a dee and a wiser one. If I get on my f and out of here, it will be months bef I head back, but if I get on my feet, come back.

Whatever happens — I had "hunch" and wanted to write you tell you, no matter what happens has happened, I shall always think you and feel about you the way it that Fourth of July day three years when you met me at the boat, and went out on the cafe on the river had a drink and later went on top the tall building, and all the strangen and the glory and the power of life of the city was below.

Yours always,
TOM

Question: Finally, Mr. Wolfe, wo you say that your brother died a ha man?

Mr. Wolfe: That's a hard questior answer fully. Tom felt that he ha mission to accomplish in life and constantly obsessed by the shortnes time he had in which to complete work. His hope was to complet

-book saga on America, dealing with e "Promise" of America and the mean-g underlying life in this country. He t that he could not achieve happiness til he had finished this massive record. e died before this goal was ever ac-mplished.

I don't feel that he died contented—r no genius can ever do so. Tom con-ntly worried about the shortness of ne. As early as 1937, he was aware at his time might be cut short. He gan to push himself even harder than er to overcome his ever-present enemy *time*. When he died in 1938, his ork was left incomplete. Even so, his werful pen left its mark on the Ameri-n literary scene that will not be soon rgotten. ●

—*James E. Dorsey*

Announcing . . .

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Margaret

(Editor's Note: Gerald Gibson is a 1959 graduate of Wofford. He has since been awarded the Ph.D. in Chemistry. Mr. Gibson won the Helmus Poetry Contest in 1959, and this is one of his more recent poems.)

I have seen you there
a table from me, seen you smile
your rare, swift smile.
I have heard the crowd's voice
fade away to silence as you spoke, and
watched the tables, food, the people
melt into a muddled mass the moment that you chanced
to glance my way.
I have seen your eyes, smoke-blue
as distant southern mountains are,
watched you move, as slimly graceful
as a yearling doe,
marveled
at the wondrous smoothness of your face—
and fancied foolishly that
any instant you would rise
and come to me
and smile
and speak my name.

There was a time—a million dreams or more ago, it was—
when I had almost won
a war with discontent,
had learned to lie alone and laugh
at empty rooms.
But all at once I am the vanquished and the void stillness
boom about me.
All at once my thoughts are silly, sentimental things
of slender mountain girls with smoke-blue eyes.

And though one day I find you are but just a tithe
of all I have imagined;
though one day you will slip away
into the crowd
and not return,
the place—all places even,
and all seasons—
never can again be quite the same,
for
I have seen you there.

—Gerald Gibson, 1962

Wofford's Historic Older Buildings

Old Main

Through the one hundred ten years of Wofford's existence, many traditions have been handed down, both by word of mouth and in writing. Before traditions can be made, there must be a place for them to originate. In the case of Wofford, it all began in August of 1854 when the first faculty met with the first class composed of seven students. The actual construction of the buildings began before 1854.

It was under the direction of a Mr. Jones, an architect from Charleston, South Carolina, that the Main Building was raised to the structure that stands today. Thousands of bricks went into the structure of the building; all of them came from directly behind it. Slaves dug the clay and molded the bricks that are now enclosed in the structure of Old Main. The cost of the Main Building was about $30,000.00. This was an extremely large sum at that time. When the building was first opened to students in August of 1854, it had not been completed. It was not until later that the architect completed the structure.

When the Main Building was first completed, there was no stucco on the plain red-brick facade. It remained this way until 1880 when a layer of light brown stucco was added.

In the original plans, there was to be a flight of stone steps across the front of the building. The story is that the contractor, claiming that he was making no money on the building, was authorized to put up wooden steps instead of the granite ones. According to one historian, one of the early presidents sponsored the sale of "hot suppers" to replace the wooden steps which kept falling down. It was not until 1880 that the narrow granite ones were put there.

The interior has undergone numerous changes. In 1855 it was dedicated to President Wightman. At this time the Chapel was one large room with very poor acoustics. The stage, in addition to being much larger than it is at present, was about six feet high. It was in 1904 that the Chapel rostrum was given its present shape.

The 19th century version of a balcony differed greatly from the one we now know. It was extremely plain, just like the rest of the Chapel. The balcony was straight across, with no curve; the seats were not elevated as they now are. It was not until 1904 that the balcony received the serpentine rococo curve and the seats arranged in ascending tiers.

In the early years there was no way to heat the Chapel. In an early issue of *The Journal,* one student suggested that the hot air system in Archer Hall, now Black Alumni Hall, be moved to the Main Building. This was not done. The first heating came in 1891 when the big barrel-like stoves were installed. Modern heating was finally installed in 1904. But later on this system broke down and as late as 1928 the classrooms were heated by stoves.

Before 1900 the Main Building was, in the literal sense, The College. To some "old-timers" it may still be considered to be so. For example, on the first floor of the east wing, there was a dining room, a co-operative affair, run by a student. The board was about $7.00 per month. Until 1900, students roomed in the smaller rooms of this building and they were heated by fireplaces.

The Bell

Situated some twenty feet below the apex of the roof in the west tower of Wofford's historic Main Building, the College bell is supported by massi hand-hewn oak timbers, which were cu hauled, and fastened in place by t same slave labor used to complete t Main Building. The bell itself is a proximately four feet high, measur about three feet across its mouth, a weighs an estimated 2,000 pounds. T heavy clapper is badly mutilated on fo sides after being banged literally m lions of times against the flaring mou The bell was cast by the Meneely B Company, West Troy, N. Y., and be the date 1854. A delapidated wood wheel, wonderfully reinforced, holds t rope which is used to ring the bell.

Snyder Hall

Snyder Hall is not the oldest dor tory on campus, but it is definitely t oldest building represented among t dormitories. There is an interesting st behind all this:

Snyder Hall was originally the W ford Fitting School. It did not come be used as a dormitory by the Colle until 1925. Carlisle Hall was built 1911.

In 1901 Wofford Fitting School ne ed more dormitory and classroom sp A severe fire had destroyed Archer H now Black Alumni Hall, the build that had been used by the fitting sch at that time. So Snyder Hall was c structed. At this time it was not kno as Snyder Hall but was called "T Dormitory of the Fitting School."

The original cost was about $15,0 and in the original design it contai classrooms as well as bedrooms for students and teachers. The corner ro were built large because the two ro on the first floor on the North side w to be used for classrooms and in o to balance the building the rooms w made the same size on the other s

so the rooms above had the same esign.

The Assembly Hall was on the second oor and occupied the rear portion of e building above the dining hall. Also e Y. M. C. A. had its headquarters in is same building.

From 1901 to 1904 the hall was used the whole fitting school. In 1905 the esent R. O. T. C. Buildng was erected be used for Chapel and Classroom ace. Then Snyder Hall became solely dormitory for the fitting school stu- nts. All the rooms were changed into eeping quarters and it has remained at way ever since.

The fitting school closed in 1924 and e name of the Hall was changed from he Dormitory of the Wofford Fitting hool to Snyder Hall, in honor of the esident of the College. It remained in e as a dormitory for the College until 43, when the 40th College Training etachment was located on the Wofford ampus. It was then completely re- odeled and was used by the cadets ntil the unit was removed when it once ore reverted to a college dormitory.

rcher Hall, now lack Alumni Hall

Archer Hall was so named in honor its main donor, E. L. Archer, who as graduated in the class of 1871. This ilding may well claim the title "Jack- f-All-Trades" among Wofford's build- gs. It has probably been used for more ings than any other building on cam- us except the Main Building.

Formerly called Alumni Hall, since its ain donors were Alumni of the Col- ge, it was erected in 1889 as a college ormitory. Incidentally, room and board as about $12.00 per month at that ne. The building served as a college ormitory until 1895 when it was given nother use by the College.

When Archer Hall was built, a cen- al heating unit was installed. This as abandoned after a few years, be- use of poor operation, and fireplaces ere placed in each room.

With the erection of the fitting school 1895, Archer Hall ceased to be a Col- ge dormitory and became a part of the fitting school. In the beginning of the school, Archer Hall was used both for classrooms and dormitory rooms. Classes for the fitting school were conducted here until 1924 when the school was discontinued.

Erected at a cost of about $10,000.00 the orignial four-story structure (the top floor being made of wood) was racked by fire on January 18, 1901. Dr. A. Mason DuPre, headmaster of the school at the time of the fire, said that the water pressure was so low at the time of the fire that they were unable to get water to the top of the high building. So as a result, it was rebuilt as a two-story structure.

After being used as the fitting school for the College, Archer Hall was used as a place of storage until the depression years. For a brief time then it was used as a college dormitory. Then the building was again used for storage until the fall of 1946 when it was renovated so that it could be used as a meeting place for the fraternities. After this it was again used as a college dormitory. Today it is used as an office building for the Alumni and public relations affairs.

Faculty Homes

Before the Main Building was completed, construction of the homes, which Benjamin Wofford's will had provided for, was begun. Of the five homes originally built, four of them still stand; The Infirmary, Dean Covington's Home, The Student Personnel Building and the DuPre Administration Building.

The original President's home, no longer in existence, was situated just below Carlisle Hall. It was one of finest homes in the Up Country when it was built. Wofford's first two presidents lived in this house. When Dr. Carlisle became President, he chose to live where he had been living since his connection with the College. Two other professors lived in the house before the coming of the railroad which literally shook the house to its foundation so that it was later torn down.

The house, which is the Infirmary, was first occupied by Dr. David Duncan, professor of Latin and Greek and great-grandfather of Dr. D. D. Wallace. It has since been occupied by Bishop A. Coke Smith; Professor Frank Woodward, professor of English; Dr. J. A. Gamewell, professor of Latin; Dr. A. M. DuPre; and Professor J. L. Salmon. During the war it was made into an Infirmary, the funds for remodeling being given by Dr. Hugh Black and Dr. Sam Black.

Only two families other than Dean Covington's family have lived in the house now occupied by Dean Covington—Dr. James H. Carlisle and Dr. D. D. Wallace.

The Student Personnel Building's first occupant was Professor Whiteford Smith, Professor of English. Just before Dr. Snyder came to Wofford it was occupied for about two years by Professor J. C. Kilgo, Financial Agent of the College and Professor of Metaphysics, who later became president of Trinity College, now Duke University. Dr. Snyder moved into the house in the early 1890's and remained there as long as he was connected with the College.

The building was then turned into an office building. First the Bursar or Controller of the College had the entire building. Today, both the Controller's office and the Dean of Student's offices are located in the building.

The house West of the Main Building now DuPre Administration Building, which burned in 1881 and was rebuilt using the same walls, had always been occupied by a DuPre until it was made into an office building. The first occupant was Professor Warren DuPre, the first professor of science at Wofford. Next it was occupied by Professor D. A. DuPre, his son, who succeeded his father as Professor of Science. The last occupant was Dr. A. Mason DuPre who served as head of the Department of Mathematics. It is now an office building with the President, Dean, and Registrar having their offices there. In the summer of 1963 the building was remodeled. A new board room was added at the rear of the building on the second floor. ● —*Grady Locklear*

Most of this information is based on a publication by the Journalism Class of 1946-'47.

Parting Shots

As we "walk the last mile" here at Wofford, it is altogether fitting and proper that we pause momentarily to contemplate the nature of this place that has been our "kindly mother" for the most important period of our life.

We shall not presume to writing an expose here, but rather, we shall reflect upon certain facets of the college which we find more or less disagreeable.

Before the reader moans that this writer is just another in a long line of disgruntled malcontents who delight in iconoclastic attacks against "time-honored" traditions, be assured that this is not the case. Rather, there are many things about Wofford College which we sincerely like.

We have an increasingly more attactive campus, a very cordial campus atmosphere and most importantly, we receive a fairly good education here.

These are only a few of the many fine things to be said about Wofford. At this time we would like to mention a few things which we feel fall on the minus side of the Wofford graph.

Among the seemingly endless stream of official documents which we receive from Wofford in the summer months prior to matriculation is a notice that we are to report for an orientation period to be held before the arrival of upperclassmen.

During this orientation period we are presented with much *truly* useful information about our school, most of it being sandwiched between the covers of a darling little tome called *The Terrier Tale.* (*The Terrier Tale* formerly bore the extremely ludicrous title of *The Wofford College W Book;* ridiculous wasn't it?)

The days during orientation are spent in a somewhat worthwhile manner by taking STEP tests, which, in some way, enable the college to evaluate the members of the freshman class.

Then comes the night. To our recollection the nights during orientation were taken up with tests which asked such thoughtful questions as "How many bricks are in the KA house?"

It is the writer's understanding that the orientees are not permitted to leave the campus until the last night of the orientation period. Why should the freshmen not be allowed to become acquainted with their new home instead of being nightly subjected to sessions filled with meaningless clabber?

A charge that is often levelled at Wofford students is that they display a lack of maturity. The maturity of a Wofford student is certainly not enhanced when his first taste of college is conducted on a high-school rather than a college level.

During the orientation period, all freshman including those who are residents of Spartanburg, reside on campus. When orientation is over and the upperclassmen return, there is a total of some 700 resident students, or 75% of the student body. Of this number, some 41% or 295 men live in what can truly be classed as luxury housing. The remainder of the resident students will find that every possible convenience has been introduced into their housing, so that no one living on campus may be said to be housed in a substandard man ner.

It is our understanding that a nev dormitory is in the planning stage now as the next addition to the campus Wofford College needs a new dormitor like the Jolly Green Giant needs peas

We maintain that there are at leas two structures for the campus tha attention should be focused on befor any new housing is constructed. Firs and by far the most important of thes two buildings is a library.

Distinguishable through the tree from ultra-modern Dupre Hall is weather-beaten brick building, men tioned only in embarrassed whispers called the Whitefoord Smith Library

It is all but unbelievable that Wof ford, which is rapidly increasing th number of volumes it owns, allow them to be housed in such an ill-appoint ed structure.

The student studying in a carrel o elsewhere in the downstairs section o the library finds the atmosphere mad comfortable and relaxing by such de corator wall schemes as "chipped-paint and "cracked-plaster." The Woffor College library simply does not provid an atmosphere which is conducive t study.

The library needs either to be en larged and revamped interiorly or new library must be built.

The most oft-used argument agains construction of a new library is tha whereas a dormitory is a self-sustainin project, a library is not. We questio the validity of this stand. We believ in practical economy, but we also strong

ly feel that the lack of adequate library facilities is costing Wofford a great deal more than would the outlay of money for the construction of a new library.

A second structure which we feel should be built before a new dormitory is a student center.

Somewhere in the abysmal past we recall hearing vague, almost incoherent mumblings about a proposed student center to be located next to the canteen. After several years we cannot help but notice that a great phantasmal void still exists between the aforementioned building and the corner apothecary shop.

A student center is badly needed at Wofford, because with the exception of three very-much-in-demand pool tables, an ill-equipped ping-pong table, and several malfunctioning television sets, the college has provided no leisure time activities for the student.

The situation is particurlarly bad for those students who are not members of fraternities since these men do not even have access to the relatively relaxing atmosphere of a fraternity house.

Since we are on the subject of buildings and the like, something ought to be said about the offices provided for the professors at Wofford. We understand that it is a policy of the administration that separate office facilities be provided for each faculty member. This is something that is taken for granted here at Wofford but it is far from being a universal practice among colleges across the country. We feel that Wofford's office policy is an admirable one and we wonder why some professors do not take advantage of the facilities afforded them by staying around for a while in the afternoon.

There are valid reasons why some of our professors are not available after class hours, but it seems as if there are some professors who would rather do anything than "waste time" in a conference with a student.

Something that we feel goes hand-in-hand with professors and afternoon hours, is the need at Wofford for afternoon classes. As the situation now stands, with the exception of those few classes open to Converse students, no class period at Wofford is dismissed after 1:20 p. m. Perhaps if classes ran from 8 o'clock a. m. until 4 o'clock p. m., a student's class shedule might not be so full and more importantly, students might start thinking of education as an all-day affair.

Speaking of schedules, we feel that this semester's final examination schedule is more than usually creative. If we did not know better, we might think that the examination schedule is a device to spin a web of suspense around the student body. For at least five semesters the examination schedule remained constant so that students were able to make out their schedules with exams in mind. Last semester the situation changed so that now it is impossible to determine at registration whether one will have six exams in three days or not.

It would be impossible to determine exactly how much Wofford's tight examination schedule hurts the all men's average but we feel that it (the exam schedule) is a detriment to the vast majority of the student body.

Since there are nine class periods at Wofford why not have a nine day examination period? That way, no student or professor could have more than one examination per day. We would be interested in hearing why such an examination schedule would be disagreeable to anyone on campus.

Probably the major stumbling block to the acquistion of most of the improvements called for in this article is money.

It is not hard to see that Wofford is striving to improve itself in many ways. It is also not hard to see that Wofford is trying in many ways to emulate a highly-esteemed institution some eighty miles to the northeast of Spartanburg, which has recently vaulted into the national spotlight as a result of its proficiency in the utilization of a leathern sphere and a hardwood floor.

Now Basketball College is regarded as one of the finest liberal arts colleges in the country. The major difference between Basketball and Wofford is the affluence of the former institution as opposed to relative impecuniousness of the latter. Basketball has an endowment of 11 million dollars while Wofford's endowment is just under two million dollars.

Wofford has conducted various fund-raising drives down through the years, but to our knowledge, the college has never had a fund drive *strictly* for the purpose of increasing its endowment. We wonder at this state of affairs. With the endowment as sadly lacking as it is, it would seem that an endowment drive should come and should come soon.

We have mentioned some of the things which we find more or less disagreeable about Wofford College. It seems as if the brunt of the complaints have fallen on the administration and faculty, but does that mean that the students are absolved from all guilt in affairs of the College? The answer of course is no.

We all get a little tired of hearing some self-styled intellectuals complaining about the caliber of the education that they receive here, especially when we see such people in the forefront of the registration line the next semester.

It is virtually impossible for a man to get through four years at Wofford College without coming into contact with professors who inspire and inspire greatly. There are just some people who cannot be reached. It seems hard to believe that some people have graduated from college without ever once having an independent thought.

It is encouraging to see that the mental faculties of the Wofford freshmen are improving every year. Let us hope that this trend continues.

There is always room for improvement in any person or institution, and Wofford like any institution must make these improvements in more than its normal stride. With this thought in mind, let us further hope that a member of the class of 1968 will have improvements to call for in his senior year that differ from those which this member of the class of 1965 has seen fit to call for. ●

—*Costa M. Pleicones*

Brush-Work

For A Love Affair

I think sometimes as I lie alone watching marks on the ceiling
That could be immobile insects that this has all been one
World: the crowded searching moments of three
Incredible years—
Just weeks ago I must have turned and blinked, and then the
Scene was changed—we talked, and changed worlds once or twice.
In this new scene, the lights are too bright—
But if I ask solace of her, then it is all over.
No matter—there is more solace in the toss of her head
Than in all the prayers and bread-wafers.
Sometime, I shall ask for my life back—and I expect
That she would smile then, and through some simple gesture,
Instantly she makes me hate the book in my hand—but she won't.
She was made to come half-running through doors at me;
She was meant to be looked at for the first time in an evening
From nowhere, I have something—I am not laughing,
But it is known to me—

Disheveled, dark-brown and loosely falling hair,
A painting by Picasso, a picture in a book.

—FRED W. ROBBINS

THE NOBLE EXPERIMENT

Somebody once said that in order for anything small to become important, it has to become bigger. There are many fine small colleges in America, and we have the good fortune to be attending one of them—some of us are even so fortunate as to be able to graduate sometime soon. All but one or two of these fine small schools are outside the South. A liberal arts education was once a valuable thing, but it is no longer. An education tempered with religion was once important, but few care about it now. This leaves the small, Southern, liberal arts, church-related college out in the cold, seemingly. Well, I for one would rather be out in the cold with Wofford than "in the swim" with Bigstate U. My opinion is that the rest of the world is going to Hell. I have reference here to the educational world, most specifically.

Specialization is the hue and cry nowadays, and this impetus is mostly supplied by the Federal government and big business. The larger universities are the centers of this specialization, and the few students at such places who desire an education, as opposed to merely acquiring a technical proficiency, must scratch and struggle to get the courses. They must surmount the anguished cries of faculty, who cry "desertion" when the student attempts to diversify his education. Even here at Wofford, it is noticeable that there is an increase in specialization. Once, science majors hoarded three semesters hours which they would use in a wise manner and take a course in English or history, but this seldom happens anymore. Even among students in the humanities there is a trend toward specialization. This is due to the increasing pressure society puts on us to be proficient in our chosen fields. It is no longer important that we understand *why* we do what we do, or what relationship we have to the rest of the world—they ask only technical proficiency of us. America is becoming logically pragmatic, or at least we are approaching this state. This is our answer to the Challenge from the East.

A man may be able to engineer a bridge, but can he know himself? Not if he is only an engineer. Nor can the philosopher comprehend the mechanics of building a bridge, if he cares only for his metaphysics. Then the liberal education is the only *true* education. We have established that *this is good.* Now, will it always be available? Yes, but not in colleges. Self-education is the logical solution to the need for liberally educated people. But this is not feasible. Also, the exposure to fine teachers is worth being institutionalized for four years. The real question is, "Will the liberal arts college survive?" The answer is a qualified "Yes." It is expensive to operate a college, and takes huge sums for a college to improve itself. Private schools must rely on many sources for the huge amounts needed. Other colleges, in the same general class as Wofford, seem to be doing better financially, and one even seems to be outstripping us educationally. This school, our nearby neighbor, (which shall go unnamed) was considered "crip" forty or even twenty years ago. It is no longer, and it is even beginning to show good sense by beating back the Hypocrites Assembled, who seek to dictate policy. Progress!

Let's compare Wofford today with the Wofford of 1912, or thereabouts. In that year, a man could give his son $350 and send him off to school for the year, confident that he could ably support himself in a gentlemanly manner. In those years, they could live where they wished; they weren't herded into dormitories and force-fed regulations about when to turn the lights on and off. Back then, they went to chapel every morning, but not *all* of them—they weren't plaster saints, any more than we are. Because not too many of ther came to college, they were, on the ave age, more mature. Too many peopl come to Wofford now who lack th maturity or the masculinity to ever pr fit for college. The former group shoul go home; the latter group should t applying to Converse, where they woul certainly fit in better. To get back, th Wofford men of 1912 were a pret good bunch, just as today's student bod is. There were 350 of them, and we' almost tripled that today. There we only a few buildings then, but the sufficed. We have fine dormitories no but we are shackled with a library th is at least twenty years behind t growth of the student body. We ha come a long way since 1912—we' acquired a football team and a fe people who'll pay to see it play, dormitory lovingly referred to as t "monstrosity" or the "Mississippi Riv Boat", three gorgeous pool tables, a

ne dandy cigarette vending machine. Progress! (?)

But it is still better than any big university because it offers the opportunity for an education that crosses disciplinary lines, and we are taught by truly fine faculty. However, there are others in our class of schools that are better. Wofford would be better off now if, ten years ago, the campus had been moved out of town where it could have some room for expansion. And it would be better off today if it had merged with Columbia College when that move was contemplated. But, that is second-guessing, and is useless.

The real problem is money. That's hard fact for the purely academic mind to face, but the increasingly Machiavellian pragmatism that pervades America today requires affluency of any college that is to be successful. We need money for a host of important things—to build a library, increase the endowment, build a student center, improve the departments, hire better teachers, and most importantly, to improve selection methods for students If we start at the beginning and raise the standards for each incoming class, we can shortly be another "prestige" college. All these improvements need a tremendous amount of money in order that they may be implemented. Wofford's alumni are dedicated enough, but there aren't enough of them who can contribute large sums. It would be a different story South Carolina's *per capita* income were higher. Wofford will grow with the state.

Meanwhile, we will have to rely on the large independent foundations and the Federal government for money. To get it, we must improve, but to improve, we must have money—it's a vicious cycle, a "dark spiral."

Wofford has excelled for one hundred and ten years. There is no real reason why she can't continue. Is Wofford going to let the lack of a few million dollars stand in her way? I doubt it. ●

—*Fred Robbins*

I am indebted to my great-uncle, R. A. Walker ('12), for some of the better ideas in this piece. He is not responsible for the rest, however.—FWR.

To Converse

O Converse, fair as
The lily white;
A modest creature
To my sight.

Your step is so light,
Your figure so neat,
What makes you so pretty,
What so sweet?

Every move so light,
And so elastic,
Remind the boys of
Light fantastic.

Your hair so abundant,
And pretty and fair.
Is it really your own?
Does it always stay there?

Every move full of grace,
You approach as a dream,
Like a fairy frolicking
On a bright sunbeam.

A peach you are
So real, so sweet,
You look quite good
Enough to eat.

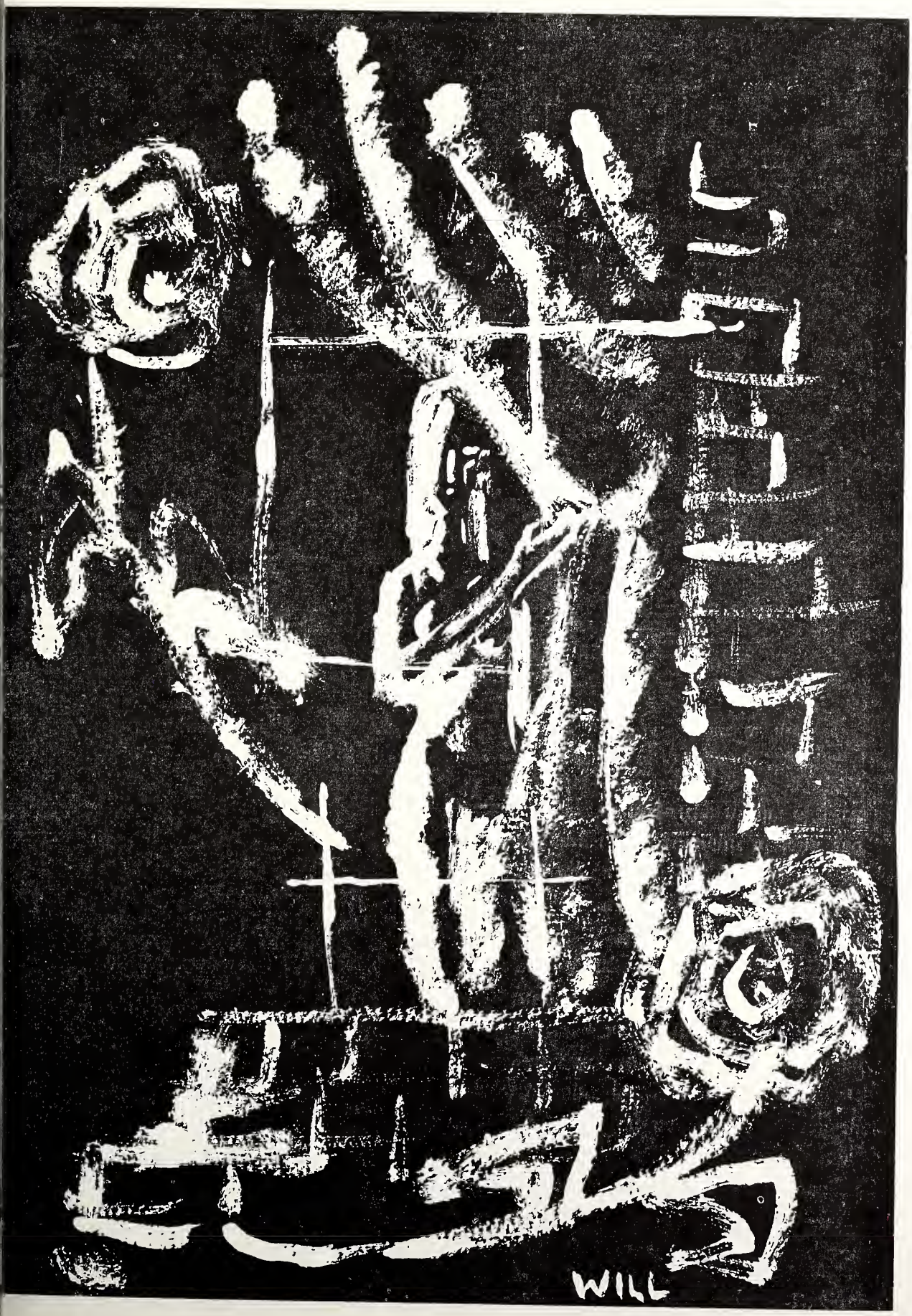
Journal, February, 1912
—*by* A Freshman

THE STRANGER'S WIFE

I heard his early footsteps on the stairs
When I awoke, acquainted with the night,
And thought that he descended very slow
For such a morning waiting him outside.
I heard him on the porch and in the yard
And heard his soft shoes whisper to the grass
And knew that they were dark and wet with dew.
But it would prove a lovely summer day
And hold no thought of being otherwise,
Unless a wind would come and quake the grass,
And turn the blades and ruff the flowers back
And spill the dew that brimmed the tops of them
And bloated all the other pregnant flowers.
I had already drawn the curtain back
Against the wall and let the morning in
And watched the dawn's light mist the window glass.
How can we trace the future with the past?

The roses in the corner were refined,
My mother having always placed them there
To give an air of freshness to the room.
But roses were not made for little girls,
And so they stayed upon the table top . . .
Meanwhile the little girl slept years away
Inside the western window of her room
And watched her mother change the flowers each day
Until she grew and blossomed to a rose.
I am the summer bloom of youth that was
Just yesterday a blushing slip of girl.
And now when evening shadows fill my room
And soft shoes cease to whisper to the grass,
I crowd out all the songs of yesterday
And wait to croon them in tomorrow's light.
A new and eager song awaits the night.

—HAROLD A. LAWRENCE, JR.


WILL

Passing Quips On Graduate School

* * *

(Mr. Graham, a Wofford graduate, is presently doing work on an advanced degree in government. When several graduates were requested to contribute comments on graduate school, Mr. Graham was the only man who responded.—Ed.)

Graduate students are a collective bother—a single one is a unique example of the whole. On one hand, he is the degree holder, the former student who has gone beyond the boyish and babyish habits of high school and college, and, as he would have it, is the latest, most advanced model from the undergraduate molds. On the other hand, he is raw material, the novice who is somewhat intellectually keen—after all, his strategy for four years has been acceptable—and who, presumably, possesses some of the elementary verities of literateness—reading, writing, and maybe spelling, unless he attended one of those state schools. On this other hand, he is little more than a "superstudent" —a twenty-two year old, if he is affluent, older if he had to go into service first, whose work is not quite so competent as the profundity of footnotes and verbal bibliography might indicate and whose "sophistication" is somewhat less than suave—unless you heard him tell it.

But, graduate schools are generally charged to exhibit some evidence, more or less vague, of achievement or a rational budgeting of endowed funds, and acts of Providence can not be included—all of which indicates that the teacher-man hour-degree ratio must be somewhat "productive." Thus, the opportunities for advanced degrees multiply and so do graduate students and, increasingly, the tensions just adumbrated or alluded to.

The movement as a whole, therefore, is far too complex to admit of generalizations without carful and extensive qualifications. Yet, a few suggestions and comments may be offered—though they be considered, at best, practical ones.

It is usually a point in one's favor to have some reason for applying to graduate school in the first place. Except for those "spoil-sport" professors that try to separate the men from the boys, one could easily follow the Pied Piper from high school to higher degrees. It is good advice to occasionally "Look to your right, and to your left" and realize that all three may be a bit superfluous to the situation. At the graduate level it is perhaps a sound idea to be there because you want to be; otherwise, the personal hoax gets too nerve-wracking.

An acceptable tactic is to investigate many graduate programs prior to application. The idea of the mass curriculum or mass major generally peters out beyond the bachelor's degree; course work becomes more personally tailored. Knowledge of degree programs and requirements, fellowship opportunities and so on can be neglected only accidentally. The maze of possibilities can be somewhat ordered by taking into account personal qualifications and circumstances and then talking with professional people or friends who have been there, by cultivating students or faculty presently in potential surroundings, or by systematically researching college catalogs. Then, selective application can be reasonably made. It is usual to apply to more than one place, because there is only one Harvard, despite the current fables, though it is fun to believe them. Anyway, almost everybody has a GPR, an extra-curricular record, some letters of recommendation, and was a member of a fraternity—all better than yours. The point is to be somewhat definite, though not static, in commitment to advanced work, either in principle, through well formulated aims, or in fact, through actual application.

Additionally, the technique of applying is important. It is a good idea to read the application and fill in all the questions and meet the application deadlines. A *curriculum vitae* is an impressive supplement, as may be a well-written essay explaining graduate school intentions. (All such information is generally required on the forms anyway.) Writing ability is a mark of the competence and polish needed in graduate school; a poor effort can be disastrous, but therapeutic.

Once in graduate school, staying- in is a challenge, though it is more often a personal rather than a formal academic obstacle that foils the would-be student. Disillusionment is easy and early, and the work schedule may be a bit more than demanding. Time, despite what Ben Franklin said, never solves anything; only people do. The point is to do two jobs and do them well in the time required to half-way do one before. Such a chronicle might be expanded to the point of absurdity and even the existing one is hopefully taken *cum grano salis.*

My vivid impression of graduate school has, so far, been that of the card catalogue. The flood of facts in the books and monographs therein represented is appalling; a graduate student should know how to swim, or shovel. Yet, as there is respect for the matador, despite the attention demanded by *El Torro,* so is there respect in some cases for a consciousness of intellectual and spiritual order, even amidst the bulky result of the lavish investment of finances and erudition into noteworthy "research" projects and studies. Even though such authors might not know it, there are many pertinent materials buried in the avalanche but since one is always free not to learn these may be overlooked, or more critically, may be unable to be identified. Equally as important is the manner in which relevant topics are handled, but that is another point.

An impression is that there is more to graduate school than knowing a lot though, certainly, lots must be known. Yet, the substantive difference between a student intoxicated by his own "bibliography" and thesis on the social function of man's vestigial tail (there is also one for mice) or the effects of alcohol is still an open question, if due consideration is given to the conditions of such a proposition. ●

—*Blease Graham*

The Thief

When Toffle stumbled through the churchyard gate
We had already let the coffin down
And sprinkled bits of dust atop of it
In silent tribute and in due respect.
And as he came and stood in front of us,
We could not help but feel ashamed of him.
His clothes were torn and wrinkled, and his hair
Was tossed about him in a manner crude
To what was deemed the manner of a male.
He had been drinking, as we all could guess,
For he was rank and stale with smell of wine.
The people round the graveside looked at him
And thought him most disgraceful and defiled.
He did not speak, but tramped on down the hill,
Stumbling over gravestones as he went.
He cursed the Negroes by the funeral coach
And shrieked for them to lay their shovels by.
He brought the three of them back to the grave
And ordered them to lift the coffin out,
Then blazed his reddened eyes at us and cried,
"So you would take my father underground
Before I even looked upon his face,
You and your sober stares and fancy lace—
And he was more a man than all of you.
He was a merchant of the lowest birth
But served you and your fathers forty years,
And you think you have the right to take him down."
And to the Negroes, "Lift it out, you fools."
They set the heavy box beside the hole,
And Toffle took a stone and broke the latch.
(The coffin lid was made of sturdy pine.)
He loosened it and pulled it gently back
And looked awhile into the dead man's face.
He never said another word to us
But placed the cover back upon the box
And left it in the cemetery yard.
We watched him trample out into the road.
When he was gone from sight, we had them put
The broken coffin back, and paid them well.
It seemed the only proper thing to do.

—HAROLD A. LAWRENCE, JR.

(These poems are from old JOURNAL issues. They are reprinted for your edification.—Ed.)

"HER"

Winter's chilly, winged winds
Whistling shrilly o'er the lee,
Mingle the pines murmur
With the deep-voiced bellowing sea.

The firelight's phantom shadows
Chasing each lone illusive gleam,
Bring back the days of yore—
The flitting fanciful dreams.

Crumpled and crushed into ashes
Now by Time's relentless hand,
The voiced visions of other days
Are scattered on that distant strand.

O earth of sorrow and sadness
Give me—or else I hate thee—
Back that fondly fashioned dream
And I will forever leave thee.

Hark! In whispered accents
Sweet, above the floating roar,
Is caught a broken message;
Then lost again? Never more.

O earth of Beauty and joy,
I love thy idyl and mine;
I love thy rolling roaring sea,
And all that is mine and thine.

Journal—(B. '12)

Life's Checker-Board

Men are but the checkers
On the checker-board of fate.

Their lives are but the moves,
Which makes them animate.

Their thoughts are but the impulses,
Which move them soon or late.

Their deeds are but the plays,
Whether large or great.

Their successes are the doubles,
And the traps that lie in wait.

Their frauds are but the tricks
Begun by greed and hate.

And all these are the moves
On the checker-board of fate.

Journal, December, 192
—*by* W. C. WALLAC

Defiance

onight I am reflecting on things
'hat should have been—
/hy, I ask inwardly, must I
dore from afar?
laugh, I love, I desire and yet
experience rebellion
gainst that which I hold most high.
lthough it is known that you will never
eturn these affections I lavish,
find I talk into space and expect an answer
s silence convinces me that I must walk
lone.

Journal, November, 1953
—*by* Neil Bonds

I Hate Free Verse

I
Hate free verse;

Creation of distorted minds;
Born in Bedlam
Of mental moods that savor of
Insanity.
Possessing none of those
Most sacred points of poets' art.

I
Hate free verse.

Journal, 1925
—*by* Harold P. Hamrick

The Little Boy

The wind blew in heavy spurts, pushing the pounding rain farther into the land. An arm of black macadam highway disappeared into the grey-blue mist, becoming an ill-defined finger without end. The highway was only a raised mound of earth holding a precarious position between the Gulf's waters on one side, and the tide pools on the other. The reeds growing along the road's sides gave little protection, forming a weak wall which readily fell before the force of the wind's watery legions.

A dark figure huddled near a lone suitcase at the edge of the road. The cold wind blowing off the Gulf, tainted with brackish salt, whipped his inadequate rain-coat about.

The now drab remnants of a once gaudy poster hanging on a decrepit billboard were tossed about by the occasional bursts of air thrown ashore by the storm. Their muted crackling and the steady pounding roar of the rain overpowered the suppressed chattering of the man's teeth.

A Louisiana road-sign was the only landmark in this featureless, soggy world; the man huddled near it, feeling its deep-rooted strength in contrast to his lonely, almost frightened insecurity.

The road was a private twilight zone, a limbo of grey and blue sky, wet, chilling rain, and the dirty green waters of the Gulf. The man felt his aloneness and stared down the oily black macadam, trying to will a car into being.

The storm increased its furious attack against the highway, staggering the man under a deep blast of brine soaked air which came thundering over the water. The man ignored the biting sting of salt in his eyes and leaned into the wind. He saw the outlines of a car materializing from a dark mass moving toward him.

The man waved his arms frantically, hoping that he had not waited so long only to have the car pass. The car neared, then slowed as the driver saw the man standing by the road.

The car had hardly stopped before the man pulled open the door and jumped in behind his suitcase. He glanced at a small boy sitting in the front seat then looked up at the driver. "Thanks for the ride mister. I was worried that I'd never get out of that rain."

The driver nodded as he accelerated, "This just ain't a good day for hitchhiking." He wiped his mouth on a sweat-stained work suit, "Not to be prying; but what brings ya out on a day like this."

The man smiled as the first wave of heat warmed his feet, "I'm George Kenner from Grand Chenier, I'm heading home on vacation and could only get a ride this far; so I started walking. The storm hit about four hours ago and I've been waiting ever since."

"Ya certainly picked a great time to hitch-hike." said the driver shaking his head. "We have few enough cars on this road when the weather's fine."

Kenner nodded, pulling off his rain-soaked jacket, "I know; but I only have a week off from the job and figured it'd be better than waiting for that bus."

"Know what you mean," the driver said, "I spent a whole week-end waiting for him to get that bus fixed, could have walked to where I was going faster."

Kenner started to say something else; but the heat penetrated through his soggy shirt and he shivered in pleasure. The highway stretched on and the drone of the car's engine coupled with the warmth soon put Kenner to sleep.

Just how long he had been asleep was anyone's guess. Kenner had stuffed his watch into the suitcase when the storm began; it was water-resistant, but he didn't want to try that resistance on a Gulf storm. He looked over at the driver and saw him hunched over the wheel with a worried expression on his face. Kenner started to move; but th driver's son was asleep against his arr Kenner eased back into the seat tryir not to awaken the boy. The wind w stronger now, and the rain hit the win shield with explosive force. The hig way was surrounded by pines and a fe infrequent palm trees.

'How long has the storm been th way?" Kenner asked quietly.

"Picked up 'bout a half hour ag the driver said through half-open li "This looks a lot worse than the regul squall. Bet the road'll be washed o somewhere between here and Gra Chenier."

Kenner grunted agreement. "May we'll be lucky."

The elderly car picked up speed they came down one of the inlet bridg The pounding rain obscured the ro ahead.

"Stop!" Kenner cried, "there's a t down in front of us!"

The driver slammed hard on t brakes as he saw the tree but the ti grabbed ineffectually at the wet pa ment. The car hit the tree and rol off the road. A door caught on a p and was ripped from the car with shriek of broken metal. Catching the undergrowth, the car spun, throw two bodies from it. The car smash into a pine and stopped, broken in h

Kenner didn't experience the bles relief of unconciousness. He had b thrown from the car then rolled al the ground, finally catching his leg a tree and stopping. The leg broken, he was sure of that, and entire body was throbbing from where little bushes and limbs had sli through his clothing. He checked eyes and found he could see blur images with one, the other woul open. Kenner gritted his teeth groaned, wondering how he could th so clearly when the pain wouldn't s

Time passed, for the rain kept co

›wn and a small puddle in front of m became a miniature lake. Kenner ied to get to the cooling water but hen he moved something inside his ıest sent a searing flash of pain into 's head. He held still, almost not eathing, hoping he wasn't bleeding ternally.

A patrol car from Grand Chenier ılled up by the fallen tree and the ›licemen didn't have to leave their car see the wreckage off the road. They ft the patrol car and stumbled down e road's shoulder to where the wreck- car lay. One patrolman clambered › on the wreck's hood and looked into e car, "There's a guy in here all right; ıt he's dead." The patrolman took off 's cap and wiped his face, "It's going take a blow-torch to get the body t."

Kenner heard the voices and care- lly moved his head. He lifted his body ghtly, ignoring the short warning ins coming from his chest. He wiped s dry lips with his tongue but his roat choked as he saw the little boy st ahead in the underbrush.

The boy was bleeding from a heavy sh above his eyes that had not fully ›sed. His eyes fluttered open and nner saw something flash behind em. The boy recognized Kenner and infully made his way across the few et that separated them. He lifted his ad and stared at Kenner as the rain shed over his head wound, opening completely.

The boy's blood-caked lips moved, m not going to die." he said in an nost animal snarl. The boy's arm ›ved and his hand slowly reached for nner's throat.

The patrolmen turned, startled, as the t echoes of a horrified scream died on eir ears. "It came from over there!" ed one, pointing. He turned and ı into the underbrush.

They found Kenner almost immedi- ly. He was breathing heavily, with › boy's hand wrapped about his throat. ıe boy was dead so there was little › policemen could do. They wrapped body in a raincoat then carefully ›ved the now unconscious Kenner to eir patrol car.

Kenner was nearly dead when the patrol car reached Grand Chenier. The doctors of the local hospital sweated over his body for several hours before his life was safe. The Kenner family spent a few anxious days as he recovered but finally he was able to leave the hospital.

The whole family was on hand as George left the hospital. He looked up at the sun, blinking; he had been in the hospital so long that the unaccustomed light nearly blinded him.

"Now George, you be careful, I don't want you to hurt yourself right after you get out of the hospital." Mrs. Kenner grabbed George's hand, helping him down the steps.

"Hop on in son and we'll be heading home." Mr. Kenner opened the car door and helped his son into the back seat. He hurried around and got into the car.

The car pulled away from the hospital and soon was speeding along the white Gulf beach of Grand Chenier. George watched the road flash by for a few moments then carefully wet his lips. "Uh, Mom, Dad," he stammered, "would it be all right if we went to where they buried the man I was riding with?" George asked.

Mr. Kenner looked back over the seat, puzzled, "Sure son, if you want too."

The Kenners were alone in the cemetery; the three people walking among the tombstones were small when seen from the rolling sand hills surrounding the lush green valley containing the graves.

George finally stopped before a small plot. The earth had not settled yet and the unweathered tombstones gleamed dully in the hot sun. He stepped over the small boundary separating the graves from the path and stopped between the headstones. His parents waited behind him.

George looked at the boy's tombstone for a moment thinking. Then he turned to the driver's grave and tenderly touched the monument. His eyes misted; then he collapsed by the grave, sobbing like a little lost boy. ●

—Charles Thompson

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First Contact

He'd known he was heading for trouble. When he had first seen the planet upon coming out of hyper-drive, he had felt a familiar prickling sensation on the back of his neck. Just remembering made him angry.

He swore softly to himself, "Damn! You'd think I'd learn. Thirty years old, and already I've a reputation for being the ill wind of the entire Survey Service! Every time I blow in from a survey I bring a dilly of a problem.

"Probability says that at least a certain percentage of all Earth-type planets will contain the kind of problem that I bring in. Sure, that makes sense—but why do all the ones *I* survey just 'happen' to be the problem ones?"

At that point, what appeared to be a bolt of lightning seared by. The tree he lay beside burst into flame.

"Dammit! That's what you get for just sittin' on your can!" This he exclaimed as he dived for another clump of vegetation, firing a bolt from his blaster as he went.

Up to this time, all of the planets he had surveyed had contained what he now considered run-of-the-mill problems, dinosaurs, large carnivorous plants, constantly mutating microbes, and such. Now he had come up against that proverbial situation: the discovery of another intelligent race.

In his training, the topic for discussion in the interminable bull sessions that was most popular, not counting the discussions about women, was the question of what should be done in the very situation that he had come up against. It had been decided that the most likely place at which such a discovery would occur would be on a planet, for obvious reasons. It had been apparent from the earliest days of the Service that no alien should be allowed to know the location of any Earth-colonised planets until it could be ascertained that the alien culture would be trusted. The problem was in finding something that could be done if such an alien should discover the fact that man existed at the same time man discovered that the alien culture existed. Obviously it would be mandatory for both to report the existence of the other and find out as much about the other culture as possible. The only way the information could be reported would be in person, for though man had invented a faster than light space-drive, radio waves still poked along at roughly 186,000 miles per second. But a ship in hyper-drive could be followed if the distance were not too great. The problem was what should be done.

Thinking of this made him mad, all those bull sessions helped him not one bit now, no solution had been reached. Then he realized that he had the solution from the beginning of his adventure on this planet, at least part of the solution.

As he waited for the alien to show itself, he remembered what had happened less than an hour ago.

* * *

"Here it comes," he breathed a sigh of relief as the small automatic information gathering rocket he had sent down to the surface of the planet started sending back data. "At least I won't have to take the ship down without some idea of what's down there."

As he started examining the data he muttered, "Impossible, utterly impossible, no planet could be this good, it's almost like Eden must have been. Something *really* bad must be wrong with it."

He felt the prickling at the back of his neck again as he grounded the ship on its contragravitics. Then he saw it . . . a beautiful ship, graceful—compared to his ungainly, battered ship it looked fairy-light, but definitely not of Earth.

As the full impact of what he saw hit him, a shiver ran down his lithe frame.

A buzzer sounded from the control panel; he saw it was the televisor. A he tuned in, he knew he had hit th right frequency when the speaker sta ed emitting a series of sounds recogn able as a language. The screen, ho ever, retained an apparently random p tern. Either the alien's communicat had a different scanning pattern or h no vision equipment. Then the tra mission clicked off abruptly, as if t alien had become disgusted.

As he turned away from the televis while glancing at the outside viewscre he noticed a figure leaping from t alien ship. A moment later a seari bolt of flame speared at his ship.

"Oh Hell!" he exclaimed, as a sudd wave of fear passed through him, for ship mounted no large weapons, and blaster bolt would cut through it like knife through warm butter.

He grabbed his blaster and leaped ward the airlock, hoping that once was outside he could draw the alie fire from the ship long enough to kill

The only thing that saved him fr being cut in half by another bolt fr the alien's blaster was that he tripped the inner door sill and sprawled he first out through the outer door, clear its sill by inches. Although the fall c ed him, he managed to reach cover fore the alien fired again.

* * *

It was his automatic action to save ship which had contained the solut He must simply prevent the alien fr reporting back or following him b done easily by ruining the alien s with his blaster. Then, if possible, should kill the alien to prevent it fr stopping him in a like manner. T he could simply take off for Earth.

As he ran over his course of actio his mind, he caught a glimpse of alien. He shot immediately, and wa warded with a surprisingly hu sounding screech. The sound pl

m, yet at the same time it pained him. t once he started to systematically put e alien ship out of commission.

The alien, perceiving his purpose, let it an agonised wail, and made a sud-n dash for the remaining ship, hoping escape in it.

Engaged in destroying the alien's ship, didn't realize what was happening ıtil the alien had almost reached the ip. As the alien reached the ship, he, e ill wind of the Earth Survey Ser-e, forever ended his Survey career; in his haste to stop the alien, he fired s blaster wildly, missing the alien and mpletely destroying the airlock to his n ship.

"Oh God; God, no! Please . . . oh, d!" Tears were streaming down his e as he sank down to the ground and ke into body-wracking sobs.

Gradually he came to his senses as he ard other sobs, and saw the figure of alien, huddled at the base of the ned starship. He climbed to his feet d walked slowly, sorrowfully over to alien.

In his numbed condition he hardly ticed what he was doing, as he reach-the alien and knelt down to comfort . For the alien was indeed a woman, listinguishable from the women of rth. She looked up into his face fear-ly, for she expected no kindness.

As he saw her fear, he realized that a ment ago he had tried to kill her. s face hardened, as he contemplated rying out that action, then he ught, "What am I doing? I have vented word of Earth's existence from ng carried back, my job is done. Am destory this girl and so destroy my n future hopes?"

His face had lost its cruel, hard lines; girl, seeing this, clung to him, her s begging for support. He took hold er to help her stand.

As he helped her up, he said, "My e is Adam."

She responded, pointing to herself, e."

With this they turned their backs on place Adam had for a moment ught of as Eden, and walked y. ● —*Dean S. Hartley*

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Ghosts

Today we serve the fame of Ancient men
That reign as ghosts upon the throne of verse
And fill our minds with thoughts of long ago,
And still control our pens with hands noe cold.
We loose the atom and fly toward far-off stars
Yet long-dead men tell us what we have seen.
We feel the heat of love, the cold bitter hate,
And let numb ghosts show us what we have felt.
Why cannot man unlock the hands of time,
To free himself to search for new-born rhyme,
Instead of clinging to the forms of those
Who had no rule, but wrote as free men should.
Awake, young scribe with newer rhyme now hid,
And write your verse as if you were alone
Without the rule of kings of Ancient times.
Let them rule their own world as we rule ours.

—R. STEPHEN HEFNER

The Abandoned

There was a lad in England fair
With roving locks of golden hair
Went hunting with his father spare
Into a yellow wood.

By his father's good request,
He placed the bow about his breast
And brought his weary arm to rest
Upon his weary thigh.

Together they approached a hill
That stretched by an abandoned mill.
They heard below the steady spill
That drummed the waterway.

The stones were fallen in the wood,
And where the ancient bricking stood,
It seemed a wand'ring traveler could
Be covered by the vine.

Under field and forest clod,
Two souls rested in the sod,
Hopefully at peace with God—
The miller and his daughter.

They were grinding late at night
When on them laid a robber bright
That made off with their flour light,
But that's another story.

The hunting pair with foreheads bare
In silence strode the morning air
And waited in the thicket there
Beneath the windy trees.

With bow at belt, the youth resigned
Into the tangled undertwine
And said, "Alas, O father mine,
Do lay thee down to rest.

Thy feet are sore, thou art no more
A woodman in the days of Yore.
Thy days, as water, runneth o'er
A brooklet to the sea.

Thy hawks have flown, thy hounds are gone,
And yet I watch thee hunt alone,
Amid the broken milling stone
A-yonder by the stream.

The cooling morn would favor thee
Arest beneath a greenwood tree.
Would thou but leave the deer to me
And to my hunting horn."

"Son, thou wouldst have me thin and pine
And pale with color not as mine.
I chance my lasting over thine."
He soon was fast asleep.

The lad in his impatience spat.
For all he knew, he knew not that
The broken wood on which he sat
Was once a paddle wheel.

His thoughts were in two shallow gra
And of that ill-begotten knave
He fain would vanquish in the wave
And drown all in the brine.

Mill

e knew not that his father gray
ad worked for the miller's pay
nd on that night had been away,
leep within the shire.

He knew not that the miller's maid
Into a moonlit summer glade
Had one night with his father laid
Beside the red brick mill.

And by the spring, she had a son
With golden ringlets as her own
(His father's crown—a golden one).
The maiden was his mother.

And all the morning rose above
The blackened hate and tender love
His father did not tell him of,
And he was none the wiser.

Yet for the gist of sporting's sake,
He spied a shadow in the brake
So large as made his white breast ache
And made his temple pound.

He picked up his mighty bow
And placed the lighter feathers low
Beneath the string as it would go
All through the woodland clean.

He faded in an aspen grove,
Kneeling in his forest clothes,
And with a weary arm, he drove
His angered fury home.

His arrow on the morning flew,
Singing in the golden dew.
He sank the slender shaft into
A roebuck by brown water.

The quills were wisps of feathered green,
Well-hidden by a forest screen
Where clouded streamlet ran between
The hunter and his kill.

The buck lay by a white chalk bank
With wet dust on his heavy flank.
The shadow where his body sank
Was red with blood and gore.

And watching from the other side,
The archer saw his wistful pride
Paw the arrow deep inside
The firmness of his breast.

With lightly step, he trippled down
The carpet of that wooded ground,
Up to his hips in water brown,
Above the bugle horn.

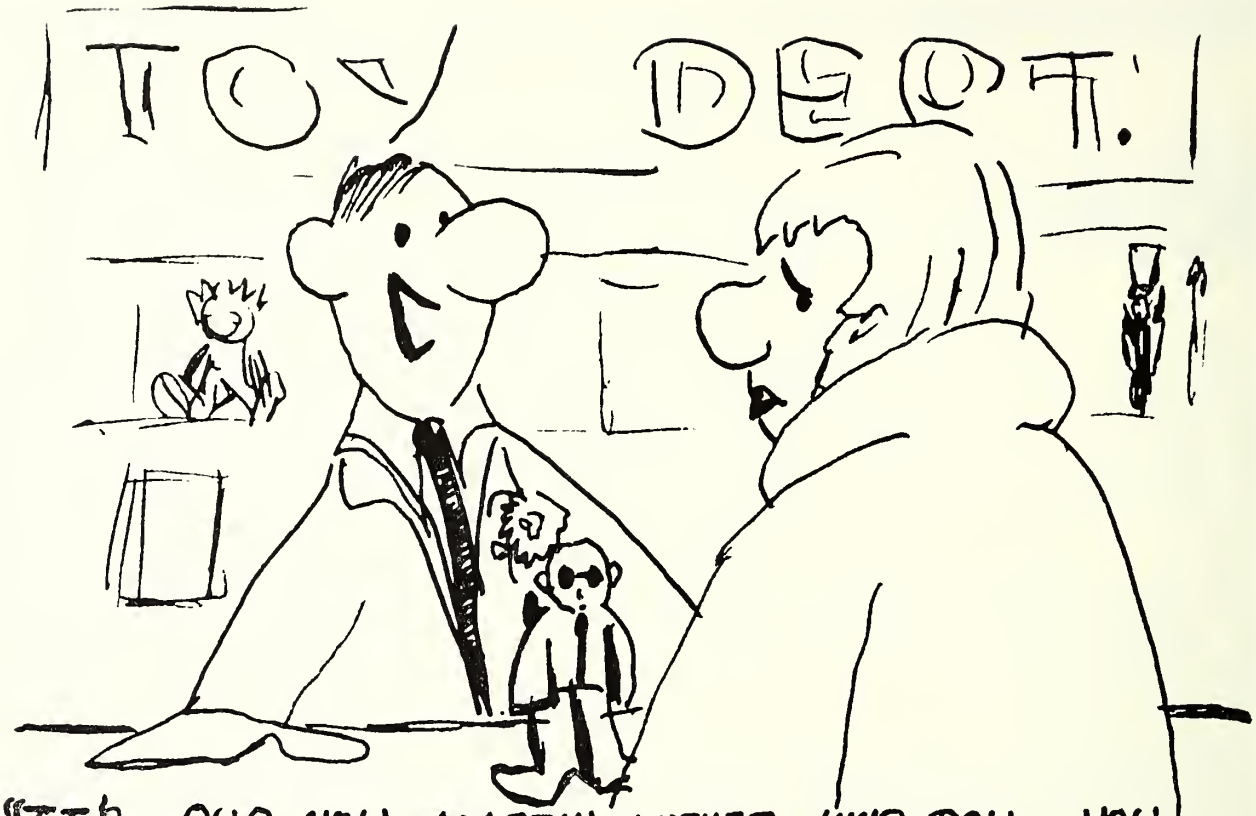
He lost his footing in the leap
And sank into its amber sweep.
The foaming of that darkened deep
Was on his feathers green.

The lucky hunter made no sound
As horn and harness pulled him down
Into the rolling water brown,
Below the timber-line.

The father, stretched in the trees,
Lay dreaming in the autumn ease,
Amid the wind and rolling leaves,
All while his son sucked water.

The clouded streamlet covered him.
The buck lay in the morning dim,
Beside the whitened water's brim,
Upon the feather gay.

—Harold A. Lawrence, Jr.



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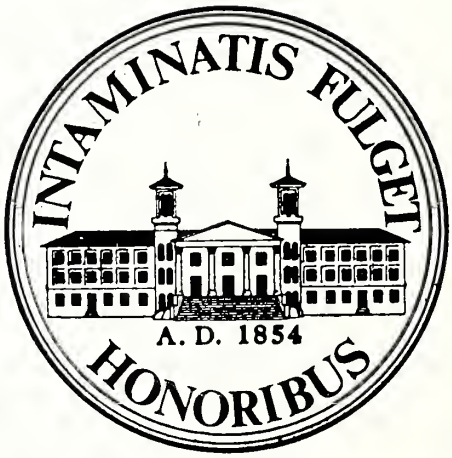

"You know the sound of two hands clapping,
but what is the sound of one hand clapping?"

the Journal

MARCH • 1965

誠意

THE JOURNAL
OF WOFFORD COLLEGE

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ıPOLOGIA

In my capacity as editor of this maga-ıe, I find myself somewhat perplexed ɛr a problem that has haunted *Journal* itors, I am sure, since 1888—is this be a literary magazine, or a college ıgazine? To my mind, the magazine ɔ not be representative of the student dy if it is purely literary and as highly ellectual as it can be made. Such magazine does not reflect the student dy as a whole. The alternative is reflect the minds of a few creative d intelligent people—this alienates ɛ mass of the student body, and I am ıvinced that the purpose of the maga-ıe is to serve them, if not wholly, ɛn at least partially. Now I am olved deeply in critical morality, d I will attempt to neatly extricate self by saying that it is my intention serve both the student body as a ıole, the "mass," the "group," and the re sensitive members of it, *simultane-sly*.

To this end, my format consists of nting some things that will appeal nearly everyone, and some writing t appeals to the *elite*. I do not con-er this magazine the kind of medium m which an individual continually racts pleasure by having his minimal ıdards catered to. But these things for you to judge.

One personal note—Tom Zepp, Art itor for the first semester, has gradu-d and is going on to bigger things. ll Willimon, a highly competent shman, replaces him. THE JOURNAL f wishes Tom the very best, and y *his* enemies be *our* enemies.

—*FWR*

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The Gray

It was one of those delightfully green and yellow April dawns and Julie Weathers had just turned off her alarm clock. It was one of those new-fangled jobs with a five and ten minute re-snooze button, but Julie had never used it before. She always got up at 7:15 promptly. Just as she always did, Julie went from the bed to the window and lit a cigarette from the straight, stilted little table at her side. She looked out on the morning, but it might as well have been a scene in black and white. That green and yellow irridescense that must have come about as a result of the sun shining between the tissue-thin young leaves was not at all noticed.

Dressing in a very tailored "executive lady" suit, Julie went to the corner of 5th and Madison to wait for her bus. She had three minutes to wait. She always did. Aware of a noise near the top of one of the buildings across the street, Julie looked up, but was unable to locate the source of the noise. This angered her because it had happened, and she found no clue as to the source; however, she did notice one thing. Three huge fluffy, downy clouds were passing over the A. B. Connor office building. Julie thought how hideously ugly they were compared to the straight, shiny, symmetrical building of glass and steel below them. Her bus came and in about 8½ minutes she would be at work.

Work for Julie was a research job. She was one of many employed by Smith Researchers Incorporated. Her job was to find answers to the questions dictated by her manager. Hers was no sloppy job of research, for all of her files were methodically kept in perfect order. If some one wanted to know the marriage customs of an African tribe, (tribes were her specialty), Julie would merely open the drawer on Africa, pull out the section on tribes, find her tribe, and look under customs until she found the marriage data. There was something thrilling in all of this for Julie. The fact that someone could ask an obscure question and she could quickly find the answer was exciting. Even the crisp, crackling sound of the neatly stacked papers in her hand gave Julie a sense of peace, a funny kind of peace, but nonetheless it was peace.

Work was over quickly for Julie, and she returned to her apartment just exactly the same way that she had left it. Tonight she had thought she would ask Ben Porter over for supper. Julie was a good cook. Her dishes were plain, never exotic or heavily spiced, but supper was not worrying Julie at all. She just wanted to be with Ben tonight.

The relationship between Ben and Julie was, in a way, strange. They had known each other for years, and all rules of formality had long since been dropped. They could sit in a room, peacefully content, and never utter a word. On the other hand, they could sit and talk small talk for hours and hours. Perhaps the right word for the relat ship was comfortable.

Ben opened Julie's apartment about 7:15. Julie was in the living r attired in a slip, returning the ash t that she had just washed the n before.

"Hi Ju," said Ben.

"Hi beau."

Julie went into her bedroom and ped on a house coat. (Not that it re mattered.) When she returned, was sprawled loosely over the stra Danish couch reading a copy of *Word Puzzles*. Scratching his head one hand, he was using his feet to k the moccasins he always wore onto floor.

"What's for supper Ju," asked B

"Sirloin," said Julie acompanied a wild yawn. She ran her fi through her straight hair, and it left with a loose, care-free look. She did bother to fix it. Seized by a su mood of gaiety, she ran over to Ben twisted his left big toe. This was s thing that Ben couldn't stand, an seized Julie by the arms and threw on the couch. A friendly tustle fo ed in which Julie was proclaimed ner by the lock her pearly white had gotten on Ben's ear lobe. Both silent for a while, but finally Ben ed up.

"What's on the tube tonight?"

"Nothing we really want to see, plied Julie.

"Oh yes there is—*Once Upo Mattress,*" said Ben with a sly grin a gleam in his eye.

"You dirty-minded slob!" lau Julie and she hit him in the sto

nd placed another tooth lock on his ther ear.

Ben was smoking a cigarette which ad developed a long ash. Julie blew it ard, and the ashes scattered and settled ftly over both of them. Nothing was id for about half an hour, and both ere content to sit and listen to the usic which Julie had placed on the ereo that Ben had given her for Xmas. hnny Mathis was a favorite. Julie as thinking now. For some unexplain- l reason, Julie was always good at inking when she was around Ben. onight, she was weighing the argu- ents for the existence of God because e had seen the word ontological on a ok cover somewhere. Her eyes, how- er, soon lighted upon the two bronze pies of the Eiffel Tower which were rving as bookends. There was some- ing that was not appealing about those pies—about the Tower itself. The evator shaft was not located in the iddle of the thing; it ran up one side. lie could not return to her former oughts. She had sometimes thought at she had profound, philosophic in- ghts at times like this. Also, for some nexplained reason, her thoughts seem- l jumbled and confused. What there as was good, but she was unable to rry them through or broaden them to any kind of logical construction. e usually gave up, and this was usu- y the time she chose to clap Ben's ccasins on his feet and send him out the door and across the hall to his n apartment. She did just that to- ght. In exactly 7½ hours it was 7:15 ain and exactly 15 minutes later Julie uld be on the corner waiting for a s ride that would last exactly 8½ nutes. ●

—*Hubert Sprouse*

Footnote to cover:

See Kung-fu-tze,

Ta Hsio

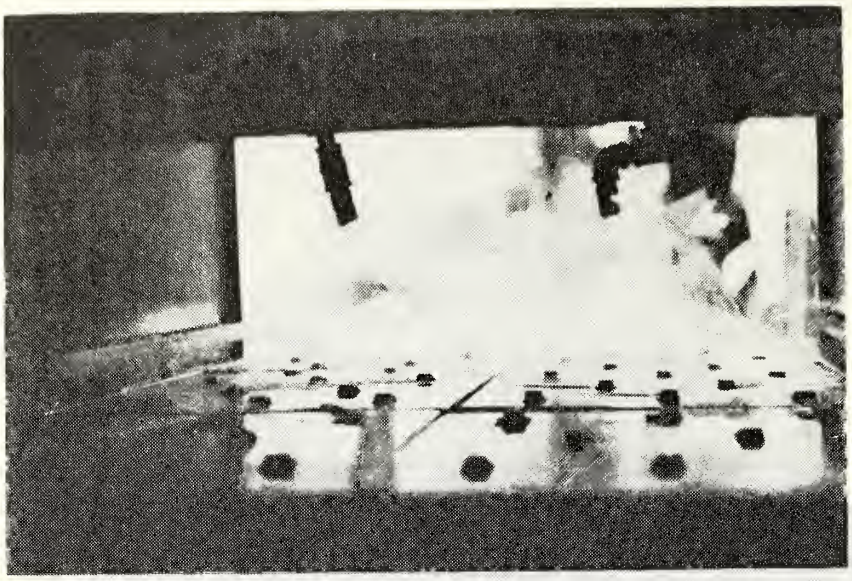
Beyond The Neon Lights

A cry into the endless night
From the sea, like the sea
Calling to sailors
Beckoning them to come
To press into her warm bosom
Their limbs entangle
Their lives become one.

On the lighted shores the sailors sing
And drink and go to brothels
Where the whores suck
The sailors in from the night
And the night sweats on
But a cry in the wind from the sea
Awakens the sailor in the harlot's bed.

The whore and the sailor sleep with the night
And a solitary voice howls from the night.
The sailor hears the voice seeking through the night
And runs to the shore, guided by the neon lights
But the sea is cold, and so is the night.
Sleep sailor
Swim sailor
But to swim you must leave your light.

—KENT BISHOP



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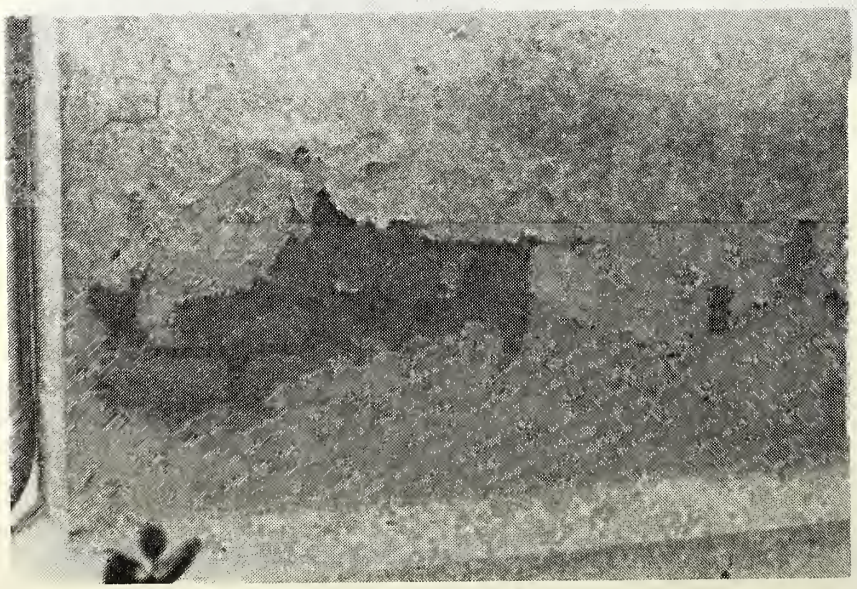

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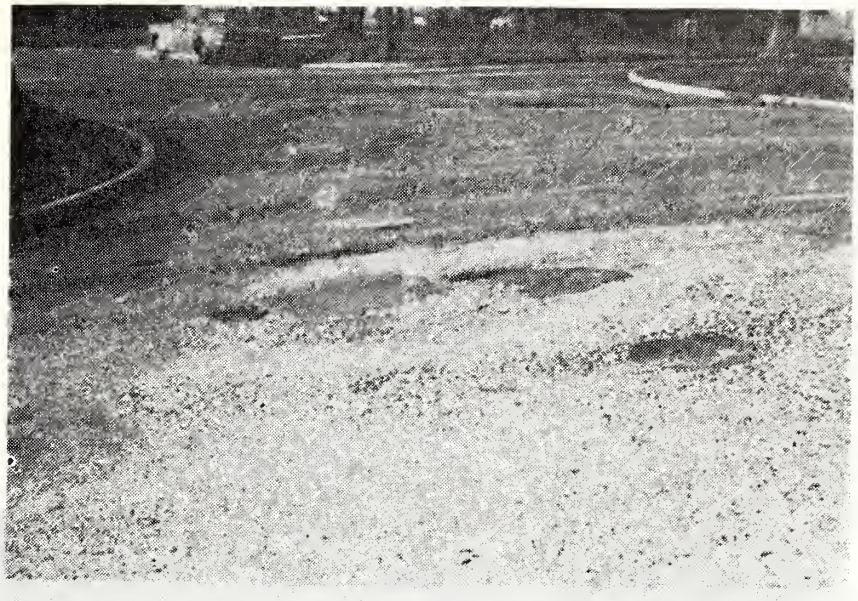

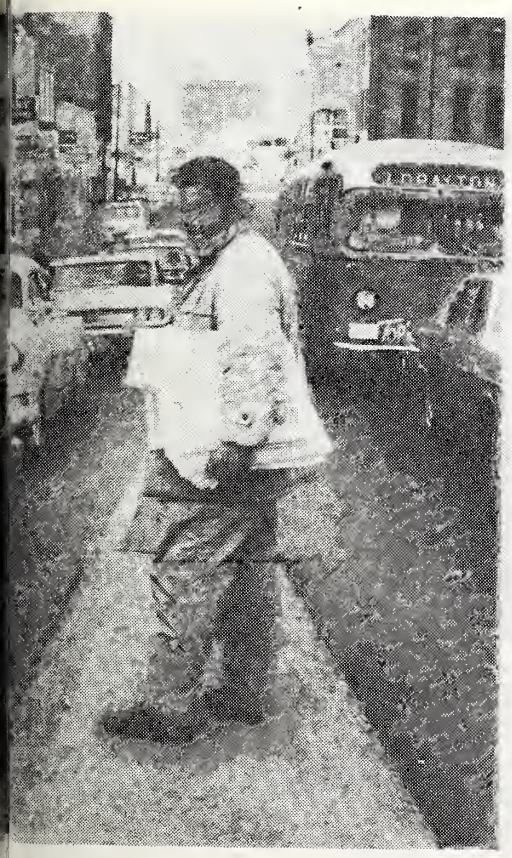

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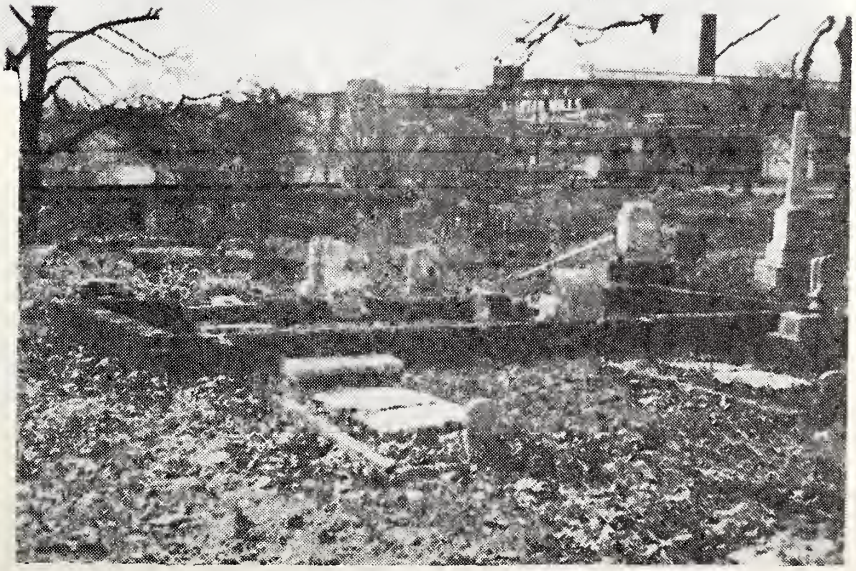

Buddha And The Absurd

None would stand in the tumultous waves,
In the swirling currents,
But one uncommonly tortured
Trying to free himself.

Wind spit in his eyes
While warm air scorched his shoulders.
He shifted as demons dug trenches under his feet,
And cursing his short statue,
He turned his side to the maddened monsters shoving,
Trying to push him to shore
Or pull him out to sea.

When the water-logged corpse had washed ashore,
Angry young flies and starving white worms
Feasted for weeks
Until the stench was gone.

—AL BONNOIT

Life Studies No. 1

He lingered over his cigaret butt.
'I don't think he's like us.
Every time you see him and that's not often—
He's always got his nose stuck in a book.
I bet he keeps his door locked
So nobody'll come in and disturb him.
His idea of a swinging date is
To study together in the library.
Intellectuals suck.'
He dropped his cigaret butt.

He had been involved
In Abelard's capture of the University of Paris.
The MG, a girl calves shining, getting out.
He stopped.

—doug atkins

A Sonata In B-Flat Major

The old man crossed the street and ulled his overcoat around him as the ind whipped around his legs. Seven the eight street lights were burning, e noticed, and he remarked to himself at the city fathers were getting more ficient. He walked down the sidewalk the end of the block, then turned left nto a block that was neither as clean or as new as the one he lived on.

"My old friend may be getting senile ow—he never makes much sense—but will be good to see him after so many eeks," he mused silently.

Coming to a small shop with a sign in e window reading "Pet Shoppe" in hite block letters, he stopped and aused a moment before going in. He as surprised to see a hand lettered sign ped on the door that said "Out of usiness."

"This couldn't be,' he mumbled, "I ought he was doing fairly well."

He knocked on the door somewhat arder than he intended, due to his xtreme nervousness and to the perrbing sign. No one came for perhaps minute, but the old man did not knock gain. Then he heard someone coming, nd then he saw his friend walking owly toward the door and smiling at im through the glass.

In five minutes, they had passed the menities, and were seated at a coffee ble drinking tea with cream in it. inally, he asked the question of his iend that was weighing on his mind—

"Why are you out of business, Bernein?"

"Oh, but I'm not, Charles," was the nswer.

"Then what are you doing for a livng if you're not selling animals?"

"I have decided that instead of merey dealing in flesh, I should try to improve their minds," Bernstein said.

Charles nodded his approval of this idea, which seemed to him a completely reasonable and public-spirited idea. It even crossed his mind, but just momentarily, that the idea was actually noble.

"You see, Charles," his friend began, "what with all the pressure that the poor canaries have to put up with nowadays, they really do need help. They have to go through eight years of education by law, they can't get out of that. Then, the bare minimum for any kind of life at all is four more years. If they have a voice at all, they have to study and sing for four years in the best bird flock they can afford. After all that, they know that if they are to get a really good perch, they must go on for a Master of Canaries, and in the case of the gifted singers, a Ph. of Songbirds. None of them can afford to *pay* for these extra years, so they must win a birdseedship. What I do is to coach them and try to teach them and prepare them for their Graduate Twittering Examinations. I also train them in preening their feathers so they will look "Ivy League" enough to fit in at the better rookeries in New England."

The old man lit his pipe, and looked at his friend, who was drinking the rest of his tea before going on talking. A question occurred to Charles, so he asked it—"Do you mean you take the inept and train them until they are acceptable."

His friend raised an eyebrow and answered, "No, oh, no; I only take those that are obviously talented and intelligent. What I try to do is to correct the deficiencies in their preparation. Really, most of the work I do is in teaching them the one or two foreign twitter-patterns they need for graduate studies. That is where most of them are ill-prepared."

The old man nodded his understanding, smiled his approval, and re-lit his pipe. He tried to estimate his friend's income from the new business.

"For instance," said Bernstein, "I have one young bird who wants to study Nineteenth-Century Canarydom at Yale. For that, he needs to be able to read nightengale, robin, and dodo *very* well; others may only require nightengale or robin. Only the snooty schools require dodo."

"I see," said Charles, "it seems you are doing a real service for them, Bernstein."

"Thank you—I try to," Bernstein said, mildly pleased, "but there is one thing that bothers me about all this. From time to time one of them cracks up. This morning I found one dead in his cage. He had opened his veins just above the talons. He left a note saying that he had studied hard for seventeen years and had flunked his Graduate Twittering Examination, and life wasn't worth living anymore."

"Well, it's been very interesting," Charles said as he rose from his chair, "but I must go now—call me soon."

"Please, Charles, let me take you home—I insist," said Bernstein.

As they climbed into Bernstein's sixteen thousand dollar canary-yellow Cadillac, Charles made an important decision. Two days later, he mortgaged everything he owned, which was very much indeed, and founded Charles' Prep School for Promising Canaries. It had the best available facilities for teaching robin, nightengale, and especially dodo, that anyone had ever seen, and *Time* wrote his school up under the heading "Education." ●

—*Millard Gibson*

Alphabetum

(A Burst Of Animating Rhyme)

("Our birth is but a sleep
and a forgetting.")

a———*Archers amber in the autumn air*
b———*Betook their bows beneath the blaze*
c———*Of copper colored candles clear,*
d———*Dazzling deep and distant; drink*
e———*Enough of earth's eroding eye*
f———*With feathered fury fighting fair*
g———*The sea-green gauze of gossamer gloves*
h———*Holding high and halting here.*

("The flowers appear on the earth;
the time of the singing of birds is come.")

i———*If in an instant I impound*
j———*This joyful jest of javelins*
k———*Keeping knowledge with the kiss*
l———*Of longitude, my lightning love,*
m———*My maddened mace of magnitude*
n———*Now narrows a new nadir near*
o———*Oblivion or omniscience,*
p———*A parthenon of passion, past*
q———*A quarter point and quarter tone.*

("As a generation of leaves,
so is the way of man.")

r———*Remote the rhythm rains a rose.*
s———*The shell sings stranded, swell on swell,*
t———*To trade tradition with the tide*
u———*Of urge and underestimates*
v———*Its very vivid velvet voice,*
w———*A whine of wailing western wind,*
x———*A xiphoid xanthine xylograph;*
y———*A yellow yowl of youthfulness*
z———*At zenith on the zephyrus.*

—Harold Lawrence

BLUE WATER

The blue water in the lagoon was till, like a giant mirror. The sun beat lown on them as they lay there in the oat. He had his arm around her, and er toes twitched slightly. She raised up or a moment, shook her brown hair and hen lay back down beside him.

"It's beautiful here, isn't it?" She aused, then, "Being here, I mean."

"You're beautiful."

They were silent for a bit. Then he, When are you going back?"

"I don't know. Daddy's leaving for Iew York Wednesday. Mother and I ıay stay longer, though."

"Ouch." He jumped. She had acci- entally stuck a fingernail in him while vatting an insect. After the mutual pologies, they fell silent again.

"How long have I known you?" he sked.

"About two months," she said.

"Seems longer."

"Yes," pause, then, "Larry, what time it?"

"Time to go," he said, looking at his atch. "They hate for their lifeguards be late at the beach."

She sighed and raised up. He started ıe motor. Soon the boat was cutting its way across the lagoon back to the boat house. Then they were on the beach. Phyllis was 18 but to Larry she looked much younger as she ran, laughing, ahead of him toward the car.

Then they were in front of the cottage where she and her family were staying.

"Meet you at nine tonight by the fishing pier?" he asked.

"O.K., but don't forget the weiners and buns or you'll go hungry."

He pulled her close to him. "I love you," he whispered.

"I love you, too." she answered. Then the car door opened and she was gone. Larry smiled and cranked the '52 Ford, and drove off.

The night was clear. The stars were shining and the wind blew her hair and the sea rushed shoreward. She said something. He answered. Then she ran a bit ahead, laughing gaily. He caught her by the waist and both were sprawling on the sand. He kissed her. Again. And Again. His hand ran over the rough surface of her bathing suit up toward her bosom. Then lower. He unzipped her bathing suit and began to take it off.

Then she was putting it back on. She walked up the beach back toward the road. He called her name, then ran after her. She walked looking straight ahead. The step was steady and deliberate. He walked on her left, about a step behind, looking down. The sand first and then the concrete on the road moved steadily beneath his eyes. He glanced up at her face, but her expression was frozen and staring straight ahead. They came to the cottage. She walked straight up the steps. Opened the door. Stepped inside and closed it.

Two nights later, he tried to call her, but her mother said she was ill. He tried the next night, but no answer. On Saturday night he got up enough courage to go over. When he got there, he found the cottage empty. They were gone.

Larry turned and walked down toward the beach. The wind was howling. The surf pounded on the sand as if it would like to crush the whole earth. The sea seemed covered in whitecaps.

—Jerry Wall

A DARK NIGHT

A battered and decrepit neon sign dimly announced Hotel. The ramshackle building behind it resembled a condemned lumber pile more than a hotel. I had stayed in equally bad places before though so I decided to pull in and get a room for the night.

It was really my fault. I had been looking for new sales territory off the main road and stopped in a few small towns trying to drum up business. Now I was completely lost and it was late at night. I doubted that any other hotels were on this back road so it looked like this would be the only place I could stay the night. Besides, I consoled myself, I would start out fresh in the morning and perhaps try some more selling before I headed back to the main road.

The front door squeaked loudly as I entered. Not only did the hinges need oil but the door needed replacing for it was peeled with age. I steeled myself for a night accompanied with the pattering of rat's feet and walked over to what was apparently the check-in desk.

After banging on the desk several times and calling for a clerk I finally heard someone coming. A small little man came bustling through an entrance behind the desk and gave me an elfish smile. He was fat, plump if you wish, and his shiny bald head reflected the dim light.

"What can I do for you sir?" he asked while pulling out a dusty ledger.

"I want a room for the night," I answered curtly, "how much?"

"Dollar and a half." The clerk eyed me suspiciously as though I was a dangerous criminal; then abruptly he smiled again, showing teeth yellowed with age.

Even considering the age of the hotel and the probable condition of the room the price wasn't altogether outrageous. I nodded and placed the money on the counter.

"Thank you sir," the money disappeared beneath the clerk's fluttering hands. "Follow me." He came from behind the desk and led me up a flight of stairs to the second story.

The room wasn't as bad as I expected. The paper on the walls looked in good repair and the bed had fresh sheets on it. I debated on tipping the old man but he had silently left while I was looking about. I almost laughed aloud; he was afraid that I wouldn't like the room and want my money back! He was probably hiding in some part of the hotel hoping I would just quietly go to sleep.

I decided not to disappoint him. I didn't have my suitcase with me; when this morning began I expected to be back at the office before the sun set, oh well. I stripped off my shirt and pants and climbed in bed with my underwear still on. The mattress was comfortable and I was so tired that in a matter of moments I was asleep.

I slept soundly, but I woke up for some reason. It was still long before sunrise. I checked my watch and the luminous dials showed 4:30. I wondered why in the world I had awakened, then turned over and tried to get back to sleep. I was about asleep when I heard a rasping screek like the sound of an old door opening. Fully awake now, I listened intently. I heard the sound again and was sure it didn't come from the door or out in the hall. I thought feverishly and remembered a door on the other side of the room which had been locked. I lifted my head slowly, cursing the creaking springs which sounded unbelievably loud as I moved. A thin shaft of light cut across the room separating the bed from the door on the other side of the room. At least I had something to be thankful for; I could see who was trying to get in before he reached the bed.

A soft padding sound came from the opposite side of the room. He was coming closer to the bed. My neck was aching from the strain of holding my head above the bed; but I had to stay still, otherwise I might make a noise, more importantly he might rush the bed in that instant I laid back.

A board near the shaft of light creaked as a foot stepped on it.

I readied to roll from the bed if he

tried to rush across the lighted area. A leg slowly slipped into the lighted area and then the clerk of the hotel stepped into view. I wondered what he thought he was doing; suddenly the cold glint of steel shone from a huge meat cleaver as he brought it up into striking position.

I bunched my leg muscles waiting for the right moment. The clerk slid his foot forward; I jumped from the bed, bounding over the edge and shouting like a banshee. The clerk froze in terror, off-balance, his eyes white as the moonlight he stood in. My hand slammed into his wrist and the meat cleaver hissed as it cartwheeled into the darkness. His stomach gave like a foam pillow when I hit him and he dropped to the floor gasping for breath.

I pulled him into the middle of the lighted area then shuffled into the darkness on my hands and knees, looking for the meat cleaver. A quick look in the clerk's direction showed him still curled into a fat ball, groaning quietly to himself. At least I would have no trouble from him for a while.

The meat cleaver must have fallen behind the furniture because I couldn't find it. I went back to where the clerk was lying on the floor but before I reached him he staggered to his feet, swaying drunkenly.

"I'll get you," he cackled, "nobody ever escapes." He tripped over his feet as he started for me. I skirted his body and got between the clerk and the door leading to the hall. The man was mad! He slowly rose to his feet again; this time he had more control of his actions.

As he stalked closer to me I realized that it would be insane to stay and fight with this mad-man. I turned and ran through the door, slowing as I neared the stair-case.

The old man had hurried behind at first but he stopped as I began feeling my way down the darkened stairs.

"You'll never get out that way," he chuckled. His laugh was insane! The preverted snicker of a debased maniac.

At the bottom of the stairs enough light penetrated the lobby for me to see the door to the hotel. Three high windows were set off at one side of the hotel, throwing three shafts of light across the floor. Between the lighted bars were three bars of pitch black, each the color of a witch's brew. I started across the lobby toward the bars of light and the door beyond; judging from the condition of the door I was sure I could break it down if it was locked. The old man still waited at the head of the stairs. My bare feet chilled as the ancient boards devoured their heat.

Half-way across the lobby and almost out of this hell-hole, I was thankful that the clerk stayed at the top of the stairs.

A heavy thud sounded from the lobby desk as though some great weight had dropped on it. I looked over at the desk and a large pair of yellow slitted eyes stared back at me! My stomach knotted suddenly. My eyes strained, trying to split the darkness and divine the form behind those eyes; all I saw were those two unblinking eyes reflecting the moonlight.

I started for the entrance again and the thing jumped from the desk. Something was deadly wrong. Suddenly I realized, the eyes, they had not moved; yet it had jumped from the desk to the floor!

Forcing my paralyzed legs to move I started for the entrance, moving slowly. The thing softly padded toward the door and cut off my escape route. The quiet pad of its paws against the boards of the lobby told of a massive, cat-like beast. It stood between the first two shafts of light; yet its body was still unseen, only those yellow eyes staring in the darkness betrayed its presence.

In desperation I decided to jump through a window. I backed slowly toward one; those yellow eyes followed me from the other side of the light. Its paws softly pounded against the floor, the time between their soundings a short eternity.

I forced myself to step into the lighted area, closer to the eyes. Something flickered into the light and swept down my arm. The sudden flash of pain sent me staggering back into the darkness. I touched the arm and my fingers came away sticky. The taste of blood frightened me more than those two eyes staring in the darkness. I backed into a corner so it couldn't attack me from the rear.

The eyes, the thing, moved away, down the light till the darkness had destroyed the last bit of light reaching into the musty lobby. Then the thing came straight toward me. I crawled against the wall, the back of my neck sweating fear and standing on end as those eyes came to rest a few feet in front of me. It waited, its eyes burning with a fiendish light.

I started to strike at the beast but before my arm moved the creature slashed another long furrow down the length of my arm. The arm dangled at my side, neatly ham-strung.

I heard the clerk cackle wildly from the stair-case and stood there, screaming like a madman as a lone nail ripped into my throat and the creature pulled me into the light so I could see . . . OH GOD! ●

—*Charles E. Thompson*

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Where God Has Gone

Or . . .

The Last Time I Saw Jerusalem

I just got back from the funeral home.
We have one every Sunday,
And the teardrops are moist
In the church of my choice
Until twelve at noon on Monday.

We hallow the body and lament the dead
With fragments of prayer on our breaths.
Oh, they're sad and forlorning
As the one was this morning,
But we are accustomed to death.

None of us show traces of mid-week defaces
After we've put them away,
But we think tender-hearted
Of our dear departed.
We buried sex today!

A hymnal fell on him and fractured his ankle
But his toes were not broken by that,
And when he caught pneumonia
A purple begonia
Was placed where he always had sat.

The flowers were pretty, a gift of the city.
We made it a lovely affair,
Then with pure holy warble
Entombed him in marble
We placed at the end of the square.

The active condit
Gives me great p
That you have in
To view integrati
Before he is whe

And will you sen
So we'll have the
And the brief m
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n in this Christian nation.
n on their side.
ion

ngels died.

—HAROLD LAWRENCE

The Candy Men

I once lived in a world of candy men
With sugar smiles and chocolate-covered tongues
And red and yellow flavors in their hands,
Outstretched and begging me to taste of them.
Of all that tasted flavors, it was I
Who always found myself with sticky hands
And with a sickness made by candy smells.
The men of candy did not conquer me,
For I was bitter tasting to their mouths.
My mocking laughter only melted them
And other candy men about the world.
It was not long I found myself cast out,
And so I left the sweetness to them all
And faced the sour taste of things alone.
But as the days went by, my bitter sweets
Had made me weary of my fiery ways
Of melting candy armies of the world
And pouring heaps of salt on all of them.
I somehow felt a need for sweets again,
If only they were red and yellow ones.
And so the candy maker came one day
And brought me many flavors just to try,
And if I did not like them, he had more;
Assorted to my fancy, gay and bright.
I had a taste for candy once again.
They gave me boxes of the precious stuff
And held my favorite colors out to me.
I took them. Now I'm sugar-coated too.

—HAROLD A. LAWRENCE, JR.

Creme De Menthe

As I once had a rather lively and
Romantic and all that sort of stuff
Affair going if you know what I mean
with this girl, naturally I was interested
(cigar lit) if you know what I mean, in
Who she got married to—comparison, you know—
And it seems it was a pretty good blow-out,
Wedding-wise, if you know what I mean
And of course I showed up and wished him
Good luck and said congratulations to her
(or is it vice-versa) and behaved pretty well
Except when they had that reception with all
That booze (punchinribs, slywink) and I spilled
A little bit, but all the people were lit . . .

I sing of green fields and
Loose-leafed trees and sailors,
Whose hair stands on end, straight

Up, parched on their brown heads
In relief, as the green sea moves
Desperately, and he watches skilfully,
Living in the smell of wet hemp,
With help from no one, Voyageurs—

And today, gentlemen, we have to talk about
George III somewhat sketchily, but then he
Was a sketchy king ha ha—take notes
Winter is icummen in, Lhude sing . . .
And then there was that bridesmaid,
Boy she was somethin', and she kept
Burpin', honest, just like a kid burps
BURP

The verdant fields are greener than
The cows can know, and I must
Loll in that deep grass, stretching
Mildly in the sun beside that wall . . .

HYperTenSiVe groping—bless us every one
Urban sociology, Small Groups, strictly ethnic
Are our suicides—yes, we have no infanticides
We have no baby-killers today—healthy,
reticenttimid stomach
Noise

To see this man, we must immerse ourselves
In the spirit of the times BURP
Socio-eco-histo-litto-overtones, man

But why, man
Under all this, what, man
Riddled with fear, that's us, man
Pox on it

—Fred W. Robbins

Letters From The Earth

(On my honor as a Wofford Gentleman, every word was written by this girl, and she really exists.—Editor)

Fort Oakwood, Fla.
Oct. 8, 1964

Hi!

I was about to give up hope of you writting. I was glad to hear from you. I hope you keep writting.

I want to see you so bad. I know there was nothing ween us. Something I wish there was. That sounds y foward, But I don't care.

You said that I was enjoying life, I don't know why! eally running myself. Last Sat. night I went to a ty. My mother and father went to Lake Placid. So pent the night with a girl friend. We got back from party about 11:20 p. m. Another girl went with us. ell she told her mother and father that she was staing h Mary to. And we were going to the dance. Well ole crowd of kids were suppose to met us a cross the et at the school about (12:00 or 12:30 p. m.) So ry and I left when her mother and father were asleep. least we thought they were.

Well we got out about 12:45. Mean whill some boy k Cindy to my house she bust in a screen in got in. went to pick her up and come back to the school. d got the rest of the kids. We went out and got three tles of Wine. I think I drink one bottle. Some way another I got throw in the pond. Threw Mary on of me she bust every blood vestle in my eye about 0 we start home, we got some coffee and went back my house and broke in agend. Her father was wating us So Now What. I wish I could stop smoking. Do get off for Spring Vac? If you do why don't you ne in see me?

Why do you think I was a young lady? I dont know hought I was harable. Were you triing to use me? w are you getting along with that girl are you going h some one?

Please send me a picture! What does your school look like? You said that girls were homely looking up there. I bet lots of girls write you. You have all the girls right a round you finger.

Well I got to go for now. I got study to. We won out first foot ball game.

Love Judy

p.s. Write soon Please try to come to see me and don't forget the picture

Love agend Judy

* * * *

Fort Oakwood, Fla.
Nov 17, 1964

Dear Jimmy,

I sorry I did not write you.. It seems like everything has gone wrong for me.

I hope Becky or old Buzzard Boyd, as you put it. Has not try to turn you agenst me. If she has it out of jelousness. I have great felling for you and I hope she hasn't. If you do write her be careful of what you say. Because she will show people your letters. If she fells like you like her. Do you won't this letter back that she wrote you? I would like to keep it because if she trys to hurt me in any way I can show it to her.

How is school coming for you? Not so hot for me. A very clost friend of my died. November 6. The funeral was November 8. His name was Richard Helseth. The night he died we were joking about him that why fell so bad. He was comming back from Vero at 2:00 am, and hit a cemment truck doing 100, or better he had compoun fractures of both arm and legs. crush all his ribs he had all his teeth knok out plus concustion. He died of punch lung. He died twice Sat. and they revied him twice the third he past away. So I feel rotten. I dont feel like figting for anything not even to live. On top of that one of my best friends is running me in the ground.

I been clam digging and swimming. The leaves are not golden and red there just green. I wish I could see it up there but that just wishful thinking.

You said you invited a girl to you home coming then you said she was just a good friend. If I know what I mean. I don't know!

No Florida not the same all year. We hav cold spels to.

I like to frose the other day I can take the heat but not the cold.

Yes I mastered the twist I love it.

Well I got to run so long for now.

Love ya
Judy

p.s. I wish you were here

p.s.s. Try to come down next summer. Love agend Judy

* * * *

Fort Oakwood, Fla.
Dec 27, 1964

Dear Jimmy,

Hi! Are you coming down? I hope you can. Gee, I wish I could see you agend. Who are you going with up there? This sounds harable but I hope no one What would you think if I told you I love you. You don't think very highly of me do you.

Jimmy what is love? Are you going to have a merry christmas and a Happy new Year? I hope so. How is your family and your studies? I wish you would send

me a picture of you. Jimmy you are one of the nice boys I every know. You said something about Richard. I wish you could have met him. There was no purpose of Richard to die. God just took him without cause.

Please excuse my haven't written. I wish you were here. I having a good time are you? I hope so. One of Lake Placid boys move down here and I have him in my P. E. class.

There's a boy here in Ft. Oakwood he's very nice to me. He tells me he loves me his even ask me to marry him. What should I do?

Well how are all your girl problems? Who do you date?

Well I had better quit.

Love Judy (p.s.)
Please excuse me for not written more.
Love agend
Judy

Merry
Christmas

* * * *

Fort Oakwood, Fla.
Jan. 20, 1965

Hi their!

I hop your not studing to hard. If you get tird of me writing you, just tell. Those pictures I sent to you were very bad. My hair is twice as long. And right now I could not car less if I die or live I don't give a damn. And I tird of hearing that I a very girl. Because I can face the truth. I not dum when I said that I love you, you took it wrong way. There are very few people in this world that I love, of either sex. When I fall in love with somone I put my trust in them. I fell there desire, and no one should be ashame of the desire and sex, attach to life. Everone is different. I think you got a good head on you should. I wish I could talk to you in person. The time I could tell you were different from other boys was the night we left the dance with those boys. I was so supprise. I thought all boys were the same as far as sex is concerned. they are. Please excuse my hand writting I can barely read it my self. By the way is *writ - ing* spell? writing or writting? You say love confuse so many young people. Well I know I young but not that young I believe when you are able to reason you are capcable to love. I have never had afftectin in the way you ment it. Because I have never love with desire, or love a company. I don't see eny thing wrong someone my age or yours, as you put it, to get marriage. A lot of playing house is going around our school and I don't see eny thing wrong with it if you love the person and he loves you. You said you had a lot more living to do. You are lucky not all of us are that lucky. The girl that marriage you will be very happie. I have been doing quite a bit of horse back riding. The other day I fell off for my first time it was so funny, but at first I thought I broke my leg. If you get to come down, We can go horse back riding. May be you teach some things about riding.. .

Send me some pictures of you.

Do you enjoy all type of music. I hope you do, I hope you like the find arts of music. I'll been studing on Liszt, Bach, and Tchaikovsky

Liszt-Mephisto Waltz
Tchaikovsky-Pathe ligue
Bach-Brandenburg concerto No 1

I think Tchaikovsky is the best each night I cry myself to sleep on it you haft to know the stories be hind these men. To get any felling out of it. Then it finally gro on you.

I had a twisting party. It was a big succest I do w you would have been their. There was no drinking. lost more weight I worry too much over nothing at all

Well I got to scram
Love Judy
p.s. Please excuse my hand writti
Will you see a comming down. I hope you can well l
agend Judy
p.s.s. Be good and go to *church*

* * * *

Fort Oakwood, Fla.
Feb. 24, 1965

Dear Jimmy

Why haven't you written, did I make you mad with last letter? I hope not. What I mean by love is complea out of my mind because I am not capcble of loving somo Can you see that. You would be so easy to love you diff from enyone I ever know. You would be so easy to lo So please don't hate me.

How is school? I would like to meet your family so time. Hay! how about a picture?

I went to Tampa fair with the FFA, girls we ha blast. I had some wonederful times there.

Did you get my last letter. If you did please l at it with an open mind. By the way are you enclo my letters to old Buzzard Boyd as you put it.

Have you mastired the twist yet! I won two or th dance contest with it. Did you realy won't me show Be that letter? Are you shure that you did not write me t letter. How in the world you like her I do not know know to much for her age. It's going to get her in trol I think she could be a very cute girl. She boy crazy should never be that way. You can never trust a b There are very few you can talk to. You are one of few I can get clost with a true heart. And believe you that good coming from a girl. Life is so beauful to w like Becky is. Maybe I wrong I don't know. I probly ac the same way when I was little. I do hope you c down this summer.

This might sound funny but I believe my love t you as a friend is something is wondful. And I charest

I not trying to change the subject. HaHa but cou is beautiful hot sun cool bresse leaves blowing warm w horse back riding. This is the life. Over at the lake pretty cool. I am on Dan McCritz swimming team. sw ming and diving. I been going horse back riding I this big black in blue mark on my leg where the h ran me in a fence. "Boy di that hurt." One of my h die. It wasnt a very nice story. Holly Gost. you sh see my hair I put a black rince in it every one lik Then I went to swimming practis in it turned it a br green. Boy was that funny. Then one day I was swimming practis in I was nitting in the boys took thread with out me knowing it. Then the coach for us to do our exercise look up my thread was all the pool on the high bord and the low bord an in boys dressing room what a panic there aways pic on me.

Well I got to go in study (Love you Judy)
Be good an all that rot
p.s. Please write me and send me some pictures
or I wont send you a picture of me full length.
Love agend Judy.

The High Forest

The rain had slacked off. He sat re, just inside his tent, watching the dly fire slowly grow in strength. The n still hindered its growth. The now it drizzle still fell on his tent, along h the intermittent, heavier drops m the overhanging tree branches. He s drained of emotions or else he uld have cursed his stupidity. He l not had the tent waterproofed since last use. It had been long overdue that renewing process. Now he suf-ed from his neglect; the whole inside face of the tent was wet. Every ce he had casually touched with his d dripped. His sleeping bag and r were soaked. He felt a dull anger this, but not enough to raise him m the lassitude of his gloom.

He should have been happy that he l had the foresight to dig a trench ng the back and sides of his tent, that the run-off from the hillside and t sides would bypass, and not enter, tent. He should have been glad he l extended the shallow troughs past fire. Even with them, the fire had t barely survived the downpour. n the rich humus on the forest floor ld absorb only a limited amount of ter. At the height of the downpour, ter had run down the hill-side in an ost continuous sheet. He should e been happy he had even *that* mis-ble fire for warmth and company in late afternoon. He should have n glad, but he wasn't.

He wasn't angry at his misfortune, or reciative of his good luck. He mere-sat and stared at the hissing, flicker-fire, thinking that he didn't care ether he lived or died.

She had told him . . . No! He ldn't think of that. He had come into the heart of nature to escape. . . . No, even that was dangerous to think of.

He lapsed back into his lethargic state. He felt wrung-out, dry of emotions—and tears. It had been many years since he had cried last. The day before he had cried his heart away. His chest still ached dully. He gazed with unseeing eyes out on the forest, sloping steeply down to the ravine and the river. He had left the Jeep down on the flat where the ravine joined the river.

As he sat there, he thought. He didn't want to think, he wanted oblivion. It made him angry that thinking was so inexorable. His anger broke through his apathy. He shook himself and stood up abruptly. His head and shoulders struck the top of the tent and the tent pole. He suddenly pitched forward. He stumbled, and stepped, to regain his balance, into the fire. In his hurry to retrieve his foot, he lost his balance entirely. He twisted frantically to avoid falling into the stirred up, newly blazing fire. He landed, with a wrench, on his side in one of the muddy trenches, still overflowing with racing water.

He lurched up, feeling a twinge of pain in his back. He began to curse methodically, with his not inconsiderable vocabulary, the hard ground, the dirt that made up the ground, the rain for its coldness and wetness, the mud on the ground, the trench that carried the mud and water, the fire for its hotness on his boot and for its punyness in giving him warmth, the tent for its inability to contain his six-foot height, and, as he gazed at it, its inability to remain upright when he had stumbled out. He paused for a long, ragged breath and continued, remembering the tent for its leakiness, his sleeping bag for retaining every drip from the tent, then he thought of *Her*—and stopped.

She had hurt him, he hated her. But he loved her, still. He was confused and miserable.

He was not usually given to cursing. He was intelligent; he believed that, in general, cursing was useless, often even harmful to the curser, and therefore senseless. He was sensitive, sometimes moody, often happy, but always concerned over those things he felt were important. He had slowly, hesitantly come to trust and love her. He had given her control over his life and emotions. Not because she demanded it, or asked for it, but because it was the one thing he could give her and he loved her.

Then she had . . . She had said . . . But, no he couldn't bear to think of it. When he had first heard her say it, the bottom of the world had dropped from under him. He had had that odd sensation of feeling his stomach try to crawl up his throat. He had walked away in a state of shock, without saying anything. or noticing where he was going or anything that was happening.

He had come to his senses that same night. He had discovered himself lying on his bed, his pillow soaked and his lungs raw. He was still partially in a daze when he gathered his camping equipment, loaded his Jeep, and left for the high forest, to the spot he loved best.

Who could blame a man for swearing under those conditions?

Abruptly, he shook himself out of his reverie. He felt he must stop thinking of the subject and start building his life anew.

He suddenly spoke aloud, "And the way to do that is to start right now. I'll

need more wood for the fire soon. I'd better get it now, so that it can be drying in the fire."

As he moved purposely, now, his face took on an almost happy look. The wet wood on the fire began to steam and smoke. Now and then, as he stopped to gaze at the fire, he would stare vacantly, thinking, remembering. Then he would suddenly snap out of that trance-like state and continue with his work.

Finally he stopped, sweating in the slight chill of the early fall evening from the hard labor of dragging two heavy, hardwood logs to the fire to act as supports for cooking coals. He suddenly realized he was ravenous, he hadn't eaten since . . . Well, since "it" had happened.

To get to his food, he had to struggle violently with the wet, heavy, awkward thing that was his tent. When he finally got it set up again to his satisfaction, he dragged his pack out into the failing light of the sunset and the flickering of the fire-light. Out of the pack, he pulled his gas lantern. By the time he had it working satisfactorily, it was dark. He peered into his food bags. He could see only a package of bacon and some carefully packed eggs. He didn't remember packing them, but then he didn't remember much of what he had done, anyway. He didn't really care, though; he was just anxious to get the bacon and eggs cooked so he could eat.

He put the bacon in the pan and the pan on the coals of the fire. As soon as the bacon grease had spread over the bottom of the pan, he cracked two eggs and put them in. As he stirred the cooking food with his spoon, he could smell the wonderful odor engulfing him. He felt he had never been so hungry in his life. He breathed deeply. The smell excited his hunger so much that he started eating before the eggs were more than just barely cooked and the bacon nowhere near the crispness he enjoyed normally.

He was still hungry when he finished. He started cooking some more bacon and eggs. The edge of his hunger was gone now. He could afford to be a gourmet. He smelled the odor of the frying bacon and was happy. He caught the scent of the forest, faint in the night, cool, clean, refreshing.

Suddenly it came to him that the rain had stopped. It must have stopped sometime during the time he had been occupied with his suddenly discovered hunger. The sky was beginning to clear. Already a number of bright stars were out.

The weather seemed in harmony with his emotions. For the easing of his hunger and the warmth of the fire, blazing in the high forest, the setting for his most cherished memories of *Her,* had somehow lightened the load on his mind.

He now felt the strength to remember that painful scene without a reoccurrence of his first reaction of stupor.

* * *

They had been sitting on the couch in her apartment, his arm around her, sharing with each other their dreams, their ambitions, their hopes. He had but slowly given his heart to her. He had just, at last, come to be sure of her love for him, so sure that it seemed a mere formality to ask her to marry him. As they had talked, he had come to the subject of children, and his hopes for many.

Now, he remembered that she had become tense at that point. He had continued blithely. Abruptly, she had broken into his rambling flow of talk. .

"No! . . . I can't! I can't!" She had jumped up at the onset of this outburst. He had sat there, stupified. Suddenly she had burst out in tears; turning a fleeing, she had moaned, "Go aw Oh, go 'wa-ay."

He had left, but now he wished had stayed and found out why . . .B he hadn't.

* * *

His reverie was shattered by sound of feet scuffling wet leaves. turned his head slowly, not daring hope, but hoping all the same. Th he saw her at the edge of the circle light from the fire. As she slo moved toward him, he rose to his f mute with joy.

She stood silent for a moment, t said softly, "I knew you would be *h* I love it, too. I . . ." her voice br "Oh, I'm so sorry! I *do* love you. Pl believe me.

"My aunt—she died in childbirth was so, so afaid . . . the children wanted . . .

"After you were gone, I cried." Te sparkling with reflected fire-light, w streaming down her cheeks as she c tinued, "I love you! I had to tell y I just *had* to."

She stood still, searching his f then she turned to leave.

Putting his hand on her shoulder, stopped her. Then turning her to h he said, "No, please don't go. I n you. I love you."

As he took her into his arms, she s "I'm not afraid now."

An overwhelming feeling of wh ness and love passed into his soul, n again to leave. ●

—*Dean Ha*

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MONTEVERDI AND THE MADRIGAL

heard my first madrigals on a cheap ord player with a five inch speaker. e light notes floated out like a spider in a spring breeze. The intricacies the counterpoint delighted my ears. e subjects were mostly similar—the rry month of May, with green grasses, herus, flowers, love, *Ninfe and Sati-* etc. Each voice went its own care- ly coordinated way and added to the ct of the whole. Then the machine yed a Monteverdi madrigal, and we re suddenly in a different world. The rds sounded like tones from outer ce. The mysterious sound gave a th and reality to the expressed otions. The subject was now the er favorite madrigal topic, the loss the beloved by the lover. The coun- tenor's line weaved occasionally ve those of the sopranos making a fabric.

t puzzled me that I had never heard sic like this before. The string rtet was the nearest to it I had ap- ached. (Most of the music that es over the air waves consist of ro- tic moanings and grandiose cre- dos.) These delicate pieces do vary greatly in quantity of sound. ey achieve their effects musically. ey don't stomp on the emotions.

o I did a little research on the madri- and this man who colored it so ngely. Monteverdi was not of noble d like that other great madrigal ster of the period, Gerualdo, Prince Venosa. He was born in Cremona May 15, 1567, and his father was octor. Neither did he have as much e trouble as the prince, who had to his wife when he found her in embarrassing situation. Claudio nteverde married a young musician, udia Cataneo, a few months after he came to the court of the Duke of Mantua, where he later became *Maestro di Cappella.* But in sixteenth century Italy not even the purest wife was to be trusted, so Monteverdi left her in the care of his father in Cremona whenever he travelled with the duke.

Mantua was in a swamp area, and all his life Monteverdi was threatened by disease from it, especially during times when he was overworked and tired. Disease finally killed his wife. Duke Vincenzo of Mantua was a member of the Gonzaga family, and he gathered about him many of the best musicians and poets in Italy. Giaches de Wert, Tasso, even the artist Rubens he had at his court for a time. With his excellent taste he was one of those Renaissance rulers who loved plays, fetes, ballets, and balls. But like them he could also be cruel and would take revenge on anyone who turned against him. He was also a little unbalanced, and he kept astrologers and alchemists always around him. As a youth he had collided against the Scottish humanist, James Crichton, in the dark. Crichton at once drew his sword and they fought. When Vincenzo shouted, "Hold Scot, I am the Prince," Crichton fell to his knees and held forth his sword. Then Vincenzo took it and drove it into the Scot's heart. This was the man whom Monteverdi had to please and obey.

Monteverdi's only recreation was alchemy. He may not have taken his search for the great secret very seriously, but judging from his constant complaints and worries about finances, he would have been quite happy to change lead into gold. The duke appreciated Monteverde, but he was slow to show it by monetary reward. The composer had to struggle to live on the small salary he and his wife received. Although he became famous while in Mantua, he was not a "finantial" success until he became Maestro di Cappella at Venice.

He resigned his post in Mantua when Vincenzo died. Looking back years later on the event he wrote, "I departed from that court so disgracefully that, by Jove, I took with me no more than twenty-five sende after twenty-one years."

The madrigal was already a completely developed form when Monteverdi began composing. Before he came to Mantua he had published his first two books of madrigals. He said of his first book, "And I can expect for compositions so youthful no other praise than that which is accorded to the flowers of Spring." The madrigal had originally come into being as a non-religious motet. The music is closely related to the poem which is its text, as in church music of the time. It begins with the first verse of the poem and, employing counterpoint, develops directly to the end. The music reinforces whatever the words say. It seems to be in love with the words. The five or six voices which form the fabric of the madrigal are of equal importance. Together they form a complete whole with no one dominant over the others.

In Monteverdi's madrigals and those of a few other madrigalists these characteristics were changed. He brought about a revolution. Already disappearing was the strict use of counterpoint. It was so difficult to write a line that would mean something in itself and at the same time add to the beauty of the whole. Contrapuntal composing was giving way to homophony. This in turn led to the emphasis of one or two lines to form the melody, while the others were used to emphasize the lead parts. In Monteverdi's fourth book of madrigals the voices are treated somewhat like instruments. Later all parts but the melody were performed on instruments. This gave a greater dramatic quality to the solo voice. His fifth book (1605) was one of the first published with a *basso continuo,* optional in the first

thirteen madrigals and obligatory in the last six. The *basso continuo* polarized even further the melody and added to the dramatic intensity. One can see in this development the embryo of later forms of the Baroque period.

Monteverdi was guided in this new direction by Plato and his discussions of the relations between the word, melody, and rhythm. He had long been an admirer of Plato and had studied much of what he had written. What he accomplished in his music followed his own theoretical goals, which were influenced by Plato. Monteverdi once wrote

> "The end of all good music is to affect the soul."

Since he was discovering that dramatic intensity had the greatest power to move, he made his works more and more dramatic. In 1609 he published *Orfeo,* a dramatic spectacle. In the sixth book of madrigals, published in 1614, there was an entire series of madrigals on one dramatic situation, *Lagrime d'amante al sepolcro dell'amata.*

> *Incenerite spoglie, avara tomba*
> *Fatta del mio bel sol terreno cielo.*

The series has great dramatic power, but the old madrigal is dead. Whether Monteverde killed it or it died in his hands I cannot tell.

But the spirit of the age was changed. In 1643 Monteverdi, seventy-five years old, tried to return home to Cremona. He became ill on the road and had to return to Venice. After twenty days of fever he died. He was soon forgotten. His name was scarcely mentioned by the end of the seventeenth century. His madrigal works remained buried until the end of the last century. Even now they are largely ignored by our radio stations and other public distributors of music.

In his spectacle *Orfeo* the hero goes down into hell to bring back his dear Euridice. But his discipline is not strong enough, and she is taken back into hell. Monteverdi in the end has Orfeo deified in the heavens, but in Ovid Orpheus is torn apart by Bacchantes. He tried to bring new life into the madrigal, but in the end it was lost to us as a living musical form. ●

—*Cantey Sprott*

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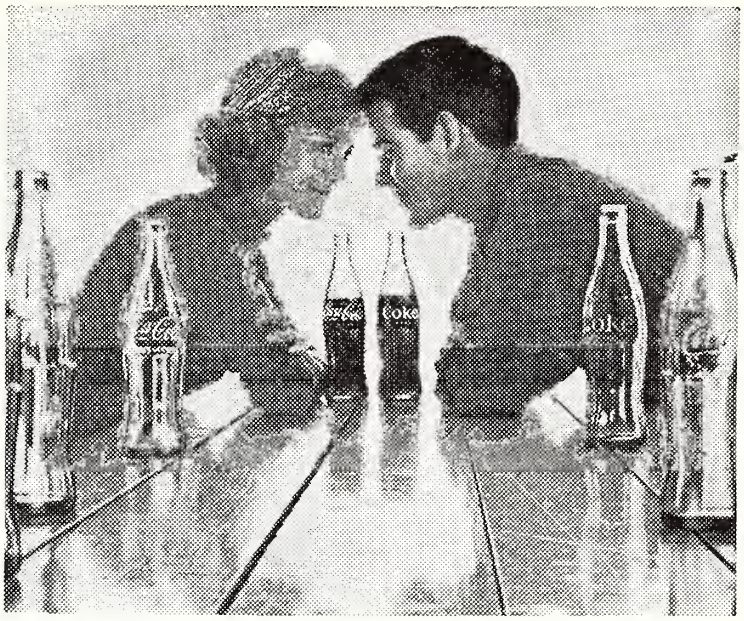

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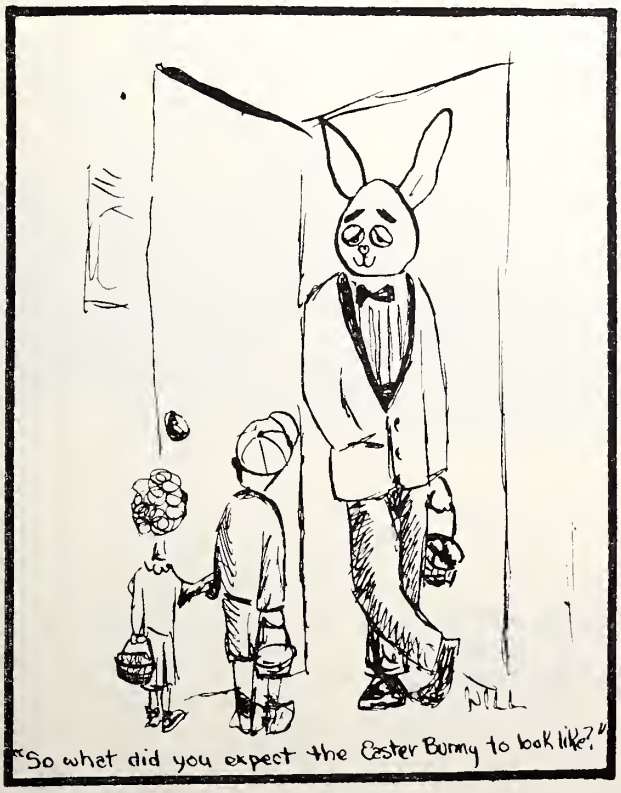

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The women on the beach
Looked down on us in the water—
We must have seemed strange people,
All white from clothes
That hid our skins from the sun,
But brown of face and hands—
Still delicately strong,
For we were young,
or for a time happy,
in our respite making ourselves believe we were home,
Or in her *arms, or raiding*
A grape arbor—we just swam.
These women, wives, who watched
Their nine-year-olds and wondered why
Young men were here today—
We were children to ourselves, we acted so—
My new-won friends upon each
Other's backs, pushing, laughing, jolly
Into the water—a kaleidoscope each
Time under water of limbs, sounds, blurs.
Some of us forget even more—
We forgot that the boy on our backs
With his legs wrapped around our
Shoulders, laughing, joking, talking
To us, and smiling, smiling—
Was brown all over, had been since birth,
And was proud to be exactly what he was—
He was like each of us; one of us for this
Brief time, just as we all were, now—
And some of us who had never done this
Before forgot about Mr. Calhoun and
Mr. Breckenridge, Mr. Long and Senator
Claghorn and the Grand Dragon.
We forgot them—they were no longer
Necessary, other thoughts reigned.
But that has been a while ago,
And now for some of us, the old thoughts
Come back again, but not as strong—
Many more thoughts are with us now.
I like to think that for that hour
Those women who looked down on us found
Somehow a measure of love for us,
Because we were their children then,
Innocent, for that brief time—
We all found love for them.

—Millard Gibson

Fools Rush In

My last sunset. Good! No more people yellin' and screamin' their fool heads off at me. Why t devil can't they leave me alone? I'll show 'em!

Where's everybody goin'? Nowhere. Just goin' from one place where they ain't got nothin' somewhere they ain't gonna get nothin'. Fools! Every one of 'em.

Snotty-nosed brats! Runnin' around the streets doin' nothin'. Somebody outta run 'em off the stre an' make 'em go to work. God, I was workin' when I wasn't nearly half as old as they are. After t Old Man run out on us, we would 've starved to death if old Grubby Selena hadn't 've give me that j Damned miser. What a job! Twenty measly bucks a week. I hope he has to go hungry sometime.

What a mess! Junk all over the place. Why don't some of them lazy idiots who get paid to nothin' clean this trash off the streets? They're just as sorry as Sybil about cleaning up. Man, she w messy. It didn't matter how bad everything looked, she wouldn't 've cleaned up a bit. God, I need h now, though! Wonder where she is? Probably out in California or maybe in New York. Who know

Pesky dogs! Always trying to bite me. Worse than people. Everybody that's got a dog outta shot. Dogs, too. Both of 'em would be better off.

Delilah. Damn her! Why couldn't she 've stayed with me? She's against me just like everybo else. She'll be sorry! When I'm dead, she'll know that her and the rest of 'em caused it.

Ah! There's the bridge. Just a little bit more and I'll be able to show 'em all. They'll be so they treated me so bad. Ole Grubby, Delilah, all of 'em!

This is the spot. Well, Delilah, you and the rest of the rats just keep running around in circl I'm gettin' out. Damn the world and everybody in it!

Down!

Down!

Down!

Oh God, I'm gonna die! I'm gonna drown! I don't wanta die! I don't wanta . . .

As the waters rush in to close the gap created by the intruder of its solitude, the ripples seem widen into a gigantic grin as they dispersed. ●

—*Judas R.*

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The First Book Of Ben Wofford

Commonly Called Commencement

In the beginning Old Ben built the buildings and the grounds. The land was without design or urpose, and illiteracy was upon the face of the earth and the Spirit of God moved Ben to create a college.

And Ben said, "Let there be learning," and there was learning. And Ben saw that learning was od; and Ben separated the intelligent from the ignorant. Ben called the intelligent, Students, and the norant he called Dropouts. And there were intelligent Students and there were ignorant Dropouts.

And Ben said, "Let there be teachers in the midst of the students, and let them separate the men m the boys." And Ben produced the teachers who separated the students who were below the majority intelligence from those who were above the majority in intelligence. And it was so. And Ben called e multitude Wofford College. And there was evening and there was morning, a second day.

And Ben said, "Let the students under The Towers be gathered together into one place, and let e classrooms appear." And it was so. Ben called the grouping of classrooms "Old Main" and the stu-nts that were gathered together he called "Wofford Gentlemen." And Ben saw that it was good. And n said, "Let the classrooms bring forth knowledge, let books yield thoughts, and let bright professors ar hope in which is their thoughts, each according to its kind upon the campus." And it was so. The ssrooms brought forth knowledge, the books and professors yielded thoughts and understanding, each cording to its own kind. And Ben saw that it was good. And there was evening and there was morning, hird day.

Then Ben said, "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness; and let them have dominion over e poverty of the world, and over the ignorance of the illiterate, and over the fear of the cowards, and er every unjust man that unjustifies the earth."

So Ben created the students in his own image, in the image of a Wofford Gentleman he created em. And Ben acknowledged them, and Ben said to them, "Be Honorable and Grow, and fight all ig-rance and subdue it, have dominion over the poverty of the world, and over the ignorance of the illit-te, and over the fear of the cowards, and over all that is unjust on the earth." And Ben said, "I have en you professors yielding the knowledge to you, and your lessons have made you grow, therefore when u graduate you shall benefit from all the good of the earth." And it was so.

And Ben saw everything that he had made, and behold, it was very good. Thus the buildings and e grounds, and the professors and the students were finished, and they were all as one. And on the final y Ben finished his work, and he rested on the final day from all the work which he had done. So Ben ssed this final day and hallowed it, calling it Commencement Day, because on it Ben rested from all his rk which he had done in building. ●

—*Marion Peavey*

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EDITORIAL

The Crusade: Where And When?

It seems to me that I have never seen this student body work in a concerted way for anything. All over this state, among other college students, the Wofford Student body is known for its apathetic attitude. I think it's about time we showed these people that we care about things other than basketball games, and whether or not our northern neighbor-rival, Basketball College, is fifth or fourth in the nation in the A. P. poll. The time has come to think about something that is not only important, but vital. Of course, I'm talking about a new library, or a re-vamped library, or in any case, a much better library than we have, which we need so desperately.

"Okay, fella, so want a library? So what? It'll cost you all about a million dollars, give or take about a hundred thousand." Now, that's the provincial view of finance that we have to face. The realistic view is, strange as it sounds, this—there are people who have so much money that they want to give some of it away. Benjamin Wofford wasn't a fluke. Yes, Virginia, there is a Ford Foundation. The simple fact of the matter is this—there is more money given to colleges each year for such projects as building new libraries than anybody ever knows about. The money is to be had—if you don't believe me, go thirty miles down the road, take a right, and gawk at the Furman Library. That is a very fine physical plant for an undergraduate library. We can do as well. (Incidentally, I thought Duke was a Methodist; or do you suppose he just liked co-eds?)

So, we have established that this money is lying around, unused and loose. The Grand American Manufacturing Trust uses such funds to cut their taxes. As I hear it, it takes two things to get money from these people: publicity, and political pull. We are well on our way to getting the publicity, at least it has been promised to us. The importance of the money-raising campaign can not be over-emphasized. We must make our own publicity seem as impressive as possible. I think that we will do this—the problem, as I see it, is getting an impressive array of facts about our school before the public eye, so as to "inspire" a number of influential people to put in a few well-chosen words in the right quarters for Wofford College. Surely there are some people in South Carolina who don't think Wofford is 'insignificant." Perhaps the fact that this remark appeared in print is indicative of the low opinion some people have of this college. Hopefully, such opinions as this do not sway the public opinion to any great degree. How can any informed man conscientiously put forth such an opinion?

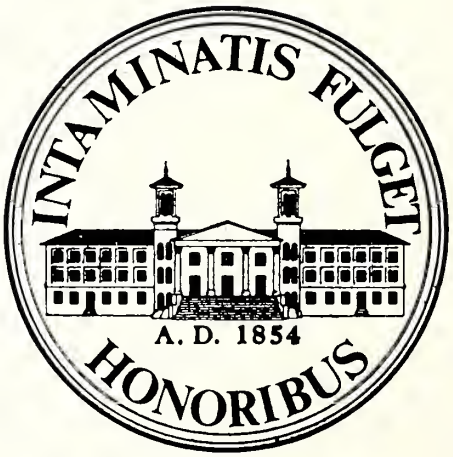
Pardon the digression, please. To get back, this college needs the support of the general support of the public at large, the business and professional men and women. The Methodist Church's support is fine and fitting and convenient, but how much real influence can it bring to bear on the money-granting foundations? It seems to me that we, the student body, have been given the responsibility of being interested enough in this library so that we can interest someone with huge wads of idle money that a small, Southern, liberal arts college, that does not even have co-eds or a nationally-ranked basketball team, could just possibly *deserve* the money for a new library simply because of our potential, our recent growth, and our overall reputation for being a good small college.

Everybody knows that today everything has to be "sold," or the "public relations" have to be "cemented," to use a few trade terms. . Okay . . . now, who sells Wofford College? *You* do—you "sell" Wofford every time you answer someone who has asked you "how's school?" You sell it every time you climb in a barber chair and trade inanities with the man who wields the shears. The next time you get up in that chair, wouldn't you like to have something to brag about? How would you like to tell him about the library drive, and how every boy kicked in with a dollar or so? Think for just a second—what has this student body done as a group, all together, in unison, except yell at referees? *Nothing.* I can think of no better time to be together than now, and I can thing of no better crusade to go on than this one. Don't you think it's just about time?

I want to step back now, and look at the present library as objectively as I can, disregarding all personal involvements as much as possible. To begin with, the physical plant is totally inadequate. This, however, is really secondary to the real problem—books and reference materials. The number of volumes we have seems moderately impressive at first, but the figure is deceptive. Most of these books are either excess, or completely outdated, to the extent that any book can be outdated. Another real problem is the rampant dishonesty, or rather theft, that is practiced in taking books from the library without signing for them. Some very valuable reference books have been missing from the library for two or three years, and for one reason or another, have not been replaced. The prevalent opinion among students, uninitiated and ignorant as we are, is that a "closed stack" system should be inaugurated as soon as possible, and instituted when the new library is built. The capacity to serve is the only measure of success we can use in judging a library. When we get a new library, let us not abuse it as we have this one—it will be as good a library as we make it.

But first things first—let's get a new one now. For the time being, the responsibility is *ours.* ●

—Fred W. Robbins



"Have No

Twisty Thoughts"

THE JOURNAL

May, '65

THE JOURNAL
OF WOFFORD COLLEGE

Volume LXXXVIII ● No. 4 Spartanburg, South Carolina May ● 1965

Umbra

Fittingly enough, this is the last issue of The Journal. We have tried to go out in some semblance of "style." In these pages, you will find the winning poems of the Helmus Poetry Contest, and the poems which gained honorable mention. We wish to thank Professor Kenneth Coates for his devotion to the contest, and his interest in student poetry. For a discussion of this contest, creative and intellectual atmosphere in general, The Journal, and other salient topics, see the last page of this issue.

Many congratulations go to James Dorsey, next year's editor, from the editor emeritus. May he have much good luck, and may he find someone who can write.

The time has come to thank people who have made this year's magazine possible. It is impossible to include everyone, of course, but I am especially grateful to the staff, to Mr. Charles P. Smith of Greer, who is a printer wise in the ways of editors, to the Publications Board, our advisor, Dr. Boylston Green, many other faculty members, and to those students who have seen fit to read The Journal intelligently.

In addition to the Helmus poems, you will find articles in this issue by Paul Julienne on science, Jesse Crimm on modern painters, Cantey Sprott on exploring the conscious mind. You can also look at pictures and cartoons—suit yourself.

The aim of the magazine this year has been to invoke general student interest, in order to give succeeding editors a basic point of contact with students. Unless the magazine is read, it is totally worthless. I have noticed a growing interest in the magazine, and I am slightly heartened (as much as any hard-hearted, battered senior can be) by the student response at times. At any rate, it's all over now—if you liked it, tell some one of us. Rally 'round the tomb, boys!

—*FWR*

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THE JOURNAL

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TIGER

A man was born;
He grew a while.

A bear was born;
He grew a while.

A wall was built;
It grew.

The bear, HE crossed;
The man did not.

The man was strong;
The bear grew stronger.

The wall was broken;
The bear ruled all.

The tiger killed the bear;
And the man did not care.

He was dead.

—Dean Hartley

George The Fireman

I'm tired of polishing brass,
Of folding and unfolding hoses,
Of getting up at three A. M.
To race to a false alarm or screaming mother.
"You know, George, I was a Marine.
Why don't you turn in your fireman's badge?"

Anyway, I remember a six-alarm fire
When dogs and horns yelled at me,
And kids stood around to stare.
I remember and don't care.
"Like I say, George, I was a Marine.
You aren't worthy of your uniform!"
And there was this father in his underpants.
He lost his glasses and his wife.

I'm promoted after one more year.
Then I'll drive the truck.

—Albert Bonnoit
Honorable Mention,
Helmus Poetry Contest

As I once had a rather lively and
Romantic and all that sort of stuff
Affair going if you know what I mean
With this girl, naturally I was interested
(cigar lit) if you know what I mean, in
Who she got married to—comparison, you know—
And it seems it was a pretty good blow-out,
Wedding-wise, if you know what I mean
And of course I showed up and wished him
Good luck and said congratulations to her
(or is it vice-versa) and behaved pretty well
Except when they had that reception with all
That booze (punchinribs, slywink) and I spilled
A little bit, but all the people were lit . . .

I sing of green fields and
Loose-leafed trees and sailors,
Whose hair stands on end, straight
Up, parched on their brown heads
In relief, as the green sea moves
Desperately, and he watches skilfully,
Living in the smell of wet hemp,
With help from no one, Voyageurs—

And today, gentlemen, we have to talk about
George III somewhat sketchily, but then he
Was a sketchy king ha ha—take notes
Winter is icummen in, Lhude sing . . .
And then there was that bridesmaid,
Boy she was somethin', and she kept
Burpin', honest, just like a kid burps
BURP

ICE-FLOES

The verdant fields are greener than
The cows can know, and I must
Loll in that deep grass, stretching
Mildly in the sun beside that wall . . .

HYperTenSiVe groping—bless us every one
Urban sociology, Small Groups, strictly ethnic
Are our suicides—yes, we have no infanticides
We have no baby-killers today—healthy,
reticenttimid stomach
Noise
To see this man, we must immerse ourselves
In the spirit of the times BURP
Socio-eco-histo-litto-overtones, man

But why, man
Under all this, what, man
Riddled with fear, that's us, man
Pox on it

—Fred W. Robbins
Honorable Mention,
Helmus Poetry Contest

The Mindscape Painters

In the immediate years following World War I, a new, dynamic, and potent art movement arose in France and Germany. Surrealism, that which is beyond reality, is this totally different and wholly absorbing concept of modern art. Surrealism is, in a word, the painting of the subconscious, unexplored, and powerful world of the imagination. Without a doubt, the physical bloodbath and mental disgust of World War I caused both artists and writers to revolt in horror at the folly of man. In the field of literature, the turbulent postwar years spawned such a social-protest writer as Siegfried Sassoon. Artists, deeply affected by the war also, advocated social revolt and the primacy of the absurd. Such irrational logic was symbolized in Max Ernst's painting of the Mona Lisa with a moustache. Andre Breton, in Paris, and George Grosz in Berlin urged artists to deliberately exclude any control exercised by reason in their work. Max Ernst and his Zurich group experimented in collages and other three dimensional mediums of art. The group in France produced a more romantic line of expression. The Paris Surrealists concentrated on extending the subconscious and physically inactive elements of the human mind. By putting taken-for-granted relationships in new positions the painters of Surrealism hoped to combine an unreal dream world and the common world in a new, super, realism. A famous picture of the early period of Surrealism depicts the chance meeting of an umbrella and a sewing machine on an operating table.

Herbert Read, in an essay entitled *Surrealism and the Romantic Principle*, says that "whereas the universal truths of classicism may be the temporal prejudices of an epoch, the universal truths of romanticism are coeval with the evolving consciousness of man. It is in this sense, then, that Surrealism is a reaffirmation of the romantic principles of life, creation, and liberation as opposed to the order, control, and repression of classicism." Romanticism and Surrealism share desires to rebel against the tyranny of the conscious mind, to escape the present, to find enlightenment in the supernatural, and to seek a political Utopia. Only by relying on the unconscious mind, the Surrealists feel, can the true being of man be seen, understood and reproduced on Canvas. Joan Miro, in order to achieve harmony with nature through dreams, would live for days on prunes and water in order to induce in himself a hallucinatory state. Surrealists attempt to create startling relationships among true-to-life objects and thus blast our conventional modes of thought. Because it is filled with distortions and human abnormalities, the Surrealists love Lewis Carroll's novel *Alice in Wonderland*. A person who has played a major role in the forming of the nature of Surrealism has been Sigmund Freud. For the first time in artistic history, a group of men have tried to paint the human mind. It is hardly chance that Surrealism and Freud's dream theories are undeniably integrated. Freud believed that most conscious acts are influenced by, if not controlled by, the subconscious. In short, Freud's writings and the Surrealists' brushes were made for each other.

Now, who are the outstanding, individual, contemporary Surrealists? To use an old adage, the Surrealist painters are as different as peas in a pod. For even though peas look alike, each one has a different genetic composition, mass, and size. I believe that there are three branches of Surrealist painters. The first branch I call the abstract Surrealists. This group, headed by Joan Miro, shows the influence of another modern art movement, Cubism. Hugo Uleiss describes Miro's work as "using symbols as plastic means of expression. His symbols are hairy worms, knobbed phalluses, suspended ovoids, and jack-in-the-boxes. These symbols are in a constant state of flux according to the painting." Miro's symbols may be seen in one of his first works, *Harlequins Carnival*. Miro and Ernst find simple objects like driftwood, scenery, and falling drops of water departure points for artistic fantasy. This group delights in the use of bold color and unreal action.

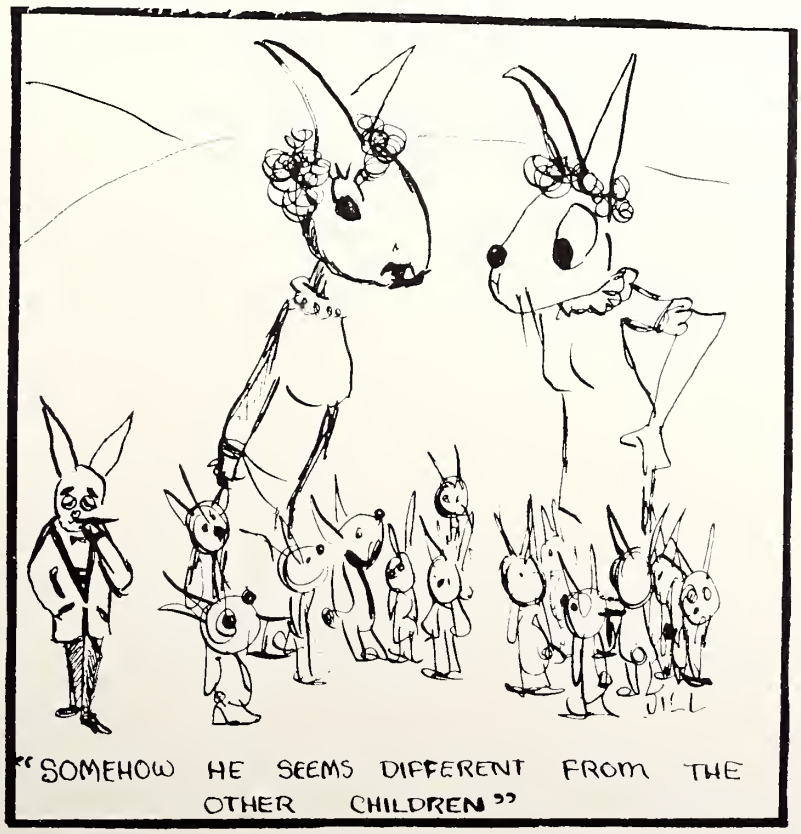
Paul Delvaux and Roberto Matta may be considered middle-of-the-road Surrealists. Both are somewhat conventional in their methods of brush technique, composition and selection of subject matter when compared to Miro or Dali. Matta seems to be especially intrigued by the anthropomorphic traits in machines. In his painting, *Les Propheteurs*, he gives vent to acid satire by making men look more like lifeless machines than the human beings they are. Al-

though Paul Delvaux's techniques are similar to Matta, he prefers a different line of subject material. In discussing his work for *Realites* magazine Delvaux says that "I am aware of the charm and strange poetry that can spring from objects or figures alien to each other but brought miraculously together to fit a situation." One of Delvaux's most celebrated works is *La Ville Endorime* in which nude, zombie-like women stroll down moonlit and otherwise deserted streets. The women are observed by a somewhat amazed but conscious man. The whole canavas has an aura of dreams, sleep, and mystery.

Perhaps the best Surrealist is Rene Magritte, who may be classified as a conservative Surrealist with Matta and Delvaux. Yet, Magritte's works have a much bolder effect upon the observer. But amazingly, the effects of Magritte's work do not shock the viewer upon first inspection. A very good example of Magritte's Surrealism is his *Castle of the Pyrenees*. Magritte is the master of the surrealist technique of putting unexpected, yet common things in unreal settings. As illustrated by the painting *Les Valeurs Personnelles*, a favorite gimmick of Margritte's is to enlarge an object ten times its natural size while the rest of the painting retains normal scale. I can not help but see humor and wit in his work while I debate whether a comb, brush, and soap bar may be lifted from a tiny model room or if these articles menace a regular room. Magritte seduces us into the act of his work while Dali and Ernst merely perform for us. I would classify Salvador Dali and Max Ernst as performing Surrealists. Ernst experiments with collages and other three dimensional forms of art. His most famous collage is entitled *Two Children Are Threatened by a Nightingale*. By glueing wood and paper together, the foreground of this work extends out into the third dimension while the background is on canvas. Salvador Dali is a performing Surrealist also. About Dali's work, George Hamilton, in *Collier's Encyclopedia* says that "in contrast to the usual Surrealist preoccupation with the phenomena of unconscious thought, Dali insists upon a more consciously objective presentation of the psychotic experience of paranoiac obsession." *Realites* magazine says of Dali "that the landscapes of his childhood have had a lasting influence on his work and appear in most of his compositions. He habitually paints soft and elongated forms often on the verge of decay as seen in his work *The Persistence of Time*. He has a fondness for the fantastical distortion of objects and figures." I believe that Dali overloads his pictures with too much symbolic detail. Who, but a somewhat mad artist, could decipher the meaning of a tribe of ants climbing up a petrified human leg?

Still, I am left with the question, is this a valid form of art? Certainly anyone who creates in any form produces valid work, even if that work is known only to the single Creator. In this light, Miro, Matta, Delvaux, Magritte, Ernst, and Dali are valid painters. However, their work has a much more universal meaning. These men have turned the black and white world of Freud into a delightful world of gesture and shape. But most importantly, their gestures have motion and their shapes have form and are not hollow and false. ●

—*Jesse Crimm*



"SOMEHOW HE SEEMS DIFFERENT FROM THE OTHER CHILDREN"

Many Long Miles More

The desert sun beat down
Upon a British Gunner,
It was near Tobruk.

His head was leaning in the sights,
The ranging lines before his eyes,
To kill a Tank his hopeful prize.

The dust clouds rolled,
The tank's motors roared,
Dark monsters by the score.

They rolled across the desert plain,
Straight at the British line,
And at the nearest tank the Gunner took his aim.

Mark III and IV,
And many more,
They clawed across the plain.

The shell was slammed into the breach,
With warrior's prayer that it might reach,
The dreaded foe before them.

Fire!
The shell ejects,
Another takes its place.

The battle on and none can run,
From heat of gun or desert sand,
For some must die, forever lie, upon the worthless land.

The desert sun beat down,
Upon a British Gunner,
It was near Tobruk.

His head was leaning in the sights,
The ranging lines before his eyes,
To kill a Tank his hopeful prize.

The tank a shattered wreck,
The gun a rusting heap,
Its metal shifting with a creek.

The Gunner's shirt is almost gone,
His flesh begins to rot, Unknown,
Unburied in this forgotten spot.

All this I see,
And know will be,
The same for many miles.

—Charles E. Thompson
Honorable Mention
Helmus Poetry Contest

THE STRANGER

I saw her standing in the east bedroom
Still staring at the big egg yellow spread,
Just as the sky broke through the trees outside.
(The rush was lost in crocuses of dawn.)
The roses in the corner were subdued,
And so I felt a stranger to intrude
Upon the utter nakedness of things,
As fearful as a passing child of time
In wrongful passing breaks a window glass.
How true may time connect us to the past.

Now I have smelled the dustiness of age
Drift through the lonely hours of afternoon,
And I have tasted lonesome summer days
Upon the lips of one familiar maid.
But as she stood there in the east bedroom,
I felt no sudden burst or flood in me
Of blue wild flowers blowing by the gate,
Half hidden by the tall grass in the yard
When wind would flip the light green undersides.
I felt no birth of idle passing flowers.
How well may time collect our stolen hours.

But all of time we muster gets away,
And morning passes into after hours,
When blossoms fold and summer slips behind
A western window of another room.
I am a stranger on the western side,
And I bequeath to darkness all of me.
My passings follow from an eastern vein,
And all her staring puts no light on things.
The pass of darkness has no need of light.
How well may time acquaint us with the night.

—Harold A. Lawrence, Jr.
Honorable Mention,
Helmus Poetry Contest

Science And Civilization:

The Reflections Of A Scientist

It is an obvious fact that science plays a very important role in contemporary civilization. Science has produced automobiles, airplanes, transistor radios, and numerous useful electrical devices. It has developed penicillin, antibiotics, and many life-saving medical techniques. And these are but a very few of its myriad accomplishments. Science in the future will in all probability be even more important than it is now. New devices unheard of today will come into existence. Medical research will almost certainly lead to cures of currently fatal diseases. Biologists will probe deeply into the secrets of life. The solar system will be explored, and perhaps even certain planets will be colonized. The possibilities are exciting. But an over-optimism regarding the future must be avoided, for science has also given to man the power of self-destruction. The mushroom - shaped cloud is a symbol both of man's power and of his weakness. Science must be understood and controlled if humanity is to survive in a tolerable state of existence.

The concept "science" should be accurately defined, since to most people "science" probably has a rather imprecise meaning. Science, in its exact sense, refers to a collection of knowledge—in particular, to the total body of observable facts relating to natural phenomena, as well as the hypotheses and theories correlating and explaining these facts. Divisions of science as a whole, e.g., chemistry or biology, are concerned with different classes of facts. This definition is not completely adequate, for what most people conceive as science is really technology, i.e., the development of techniques and their application to production. Through technology science as knowledge is transformed into a reality that affects the "average man." For the purpose of this essay "science" will refer to science both as knowledge and as technology.

It is instructive to analyze from a historical perspective how science has had an important role in the development of modern civilization. Needless to say, the analysis will be brief and incomplete. In the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, during the beginnings of the scientific revolution, the effect of science was limited. The theories and ideas of the scientists were circulated among the educated elite and had little effect on the life of the great mass of the people. The new knowledge was yet to be applied.

Science had its first profound effect on society with the coming of the industrial revolution. The application of the new technology was to result in the slow transformation of Western Europe (and later America) from an agrarian to an industrialized society with the concomitant growth of many new problems. Thus science was a most important factor in shaping the course of nineteenth century history. Had the industrial revolution never occurred, European (and world) history would be quite different from what it is.

Science also had a tremendous influence in the realm of thought during the past century and affected the world-view of many. The emphasis in physical science on mechanism and causality led some to become materialists and determinists. Darwin's formulation of the theory of evolution was to have a profound effect, such as in religion. But science has been of even greater significance in our present century. The revolutionary new theories of relativity and quantum mechanics completely changed many previous "common sense" notions and led to a new conception of science itself. These new theories have many significant implications for philosophy and, to some extent, religion.

But actually science in the present century achieves its greatest importance through the growth of technology. It is impossible to list the almost astronomical number of ways technological developments (a few of which are listed at the beginning of this essay) have affected the lives of all of us. Life as we know it today would be totally different were it not for science. Technology is also partly responsible for many contemporary problems, such as what to do about automation or the modern terror weapons that make war so unthinkable. And science has produced what perhaps is the most dangerous potentiality facing man today—that humanity will succumb to the machine, that the society of the future will be a vast and depersonalized technocracy in which each person is regarded as an insignificant atom.

Historically science has grown in influence at an ever increasing rate. Its

importance lies in its demonstrated ability to produce things and ideas that transform, either directly or indirectly, the way people act or think. Science forms a matrix out of which new social phenomena originate. Using a crude analogy, science deals the cards and society plays them. What science gives to man may often be used either for good or evil. Today, science is very generous in its gifts, but it is up to mankind to make the best use of them. This brings up the problem of how modern science is to be controlled. The achievement of control necessarily must involve both the scientist and the non-scientist, such as the theologian, the philosopher, the politician. The non-scientist must first learn to appreciate the scientist. He must not be guilty of a facile dogmatism that belittles the importance of science, for there can be no solution to problems created by science if it is considered to be insignificant. At least to some extent, he must sincerely seek to understand science—its methods, its major theories, its outlook. All too often non-scientists, including those who would be clsasified as "intellectuals," have misconceptions about science which need to be dispelled. The communication barrier between the scientist and the non-scientist must be broken.

But the burden of responsibility does not lie only with the non-scientist, for the scientist too must be concerned. He must not be guilty of deifying science, for science alone can not and will not solve the problems facing man today. The scientist must avoid a narrow overspecialization and an attitude of unconcernedness that leads him to isolate himself in his private laboratory with his impersonal abstractions. He must also avoid an ignorance of the humanities—literature, history, religion. In other words, the scientist must realize that he is a human person capable of having such uniquely human experiences as love, perception of beauty, worship of God. The scientist must learn that he is responsible for his actions, for what he—one man—does may effect the lives of untold millions (as the realization of Einstein's equation $E = mc^2$ in the atomic bomb so clearly demonstrates).

Civilization today is characterized by a fundamental disunity, in part due to scientific progress. If humanity is to survive, some type of unifying force must be found; a common bond of communication must be established among the peoples of the world. There are those who claim science alone can provide the necessary unity. But such a unity would be based on materialistic and secularistic principles, and it is precisely a growing materialism and secularism that has led to the present disunity. Humanity can not be united by atheistic materialism. Unity can be achieved only if men respect and love their neighbors. The necessary unity must be attained through the emergence of a revitalized Christianity, made pertinent to modern man without sacrificing any of its eternal truth. The scientist can be a Christian; indeed, he must be if science is to be controlled.

Although man can never build an earthly Utopia, he can always improve his current state of existence. Applied human intelligence has built the magnificent and awe-inspiring structure of modern science. May that intelligence now be used to harness science in the service of man. ●

—Paul S. Julienne

On Watching Father In The Sun

A stern face bearing work,
As the heat of day enforces his determination,
And he squints wrestling earthen chores,
The task of grass, fence wires fallen,
Finds him there living in work,
The flesh dynamo, often harmed by brutal tools,
Hurt perhaps more by my silent presence.
Sweat drop and dirt tastes his suffering strength.
He is a true lover of the land,
The unspoiled shaper of fields.
Will more than might moves his world wisely.
Father is my God's earth angel.

—Howard Olsen
Honorable Mention,
Helmus Poetry Contest

The Fool

No one was with him when the lightning struck.
He had been sitting in the room alone
Or rather by himself, alone in thought.
And of his thinking, only he could say.
He never told us, nor did we tell him
That we were conscious of his vacant stares
And felt that all his thoughts were out of mind,
Although we did not know a one of them.
He had no right to be so ill-defined.
Most folk were sure he never meant to be,
But none had chanced their fingers on the knob
And heard his groaning while he slept at night;
And he had been alone these twenty years
Without a child or bride about the place.

We never knew just what to make of him.
But when they found him over by the wall,
A grim sight for the eyes of any man,
A candle crackled on the table top
And flicked our shadows with a yellow tongue.
We crowded round it when they took him out
And saw, beneath the drops of candle wax,
A yellowed paper with the edges burned.
We hushed the flame and threw the paper out
And never found a clue to what he thought.
The paper had no meaning, and we guessed
It just the idle scribblings of his pen.
Three words were written on it—"Love is dead."

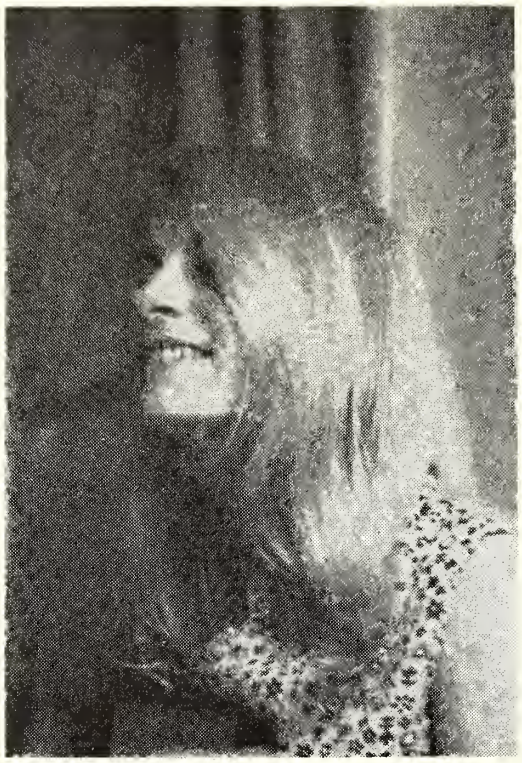
—Harold A. Lawrence, Jr.
Honorable Mention,
Helmus Poetry Contest

Brush-Work For A Love Affair

I think sometimes as I lie alone watching marks on the ceiling
That could be immobile insect that this has all been one
World: the crowded searching moments of three
Incredible years—
Just weeks ago I must have turned and blinked, and then the
Scene was changed—we talked, and changed worlds once or twice.
In this new scene, the lights are too bright—
But if I ask solace of her, then it is all over.
No matter—there is more solace in the toss of her head
Than in all the prayers and bread-wafers.
Sometime, I shall ask for my life back—and I expect
She would smile then, and through some simple gesture,
Instantly make me hate the book in my hand—but she won't.
She was made to come half-running through doors at me;
She was meant to be looked at for the first time in an evening.
From nowhere, I have something—I am not laughing,
But it is known to me—

Disheveled, dark brown and loosely falling hair,
A painting by Picasso, a picture in a book.

—Fred W. Robbins
Honorable Mention,
Helmus Poetry Contest



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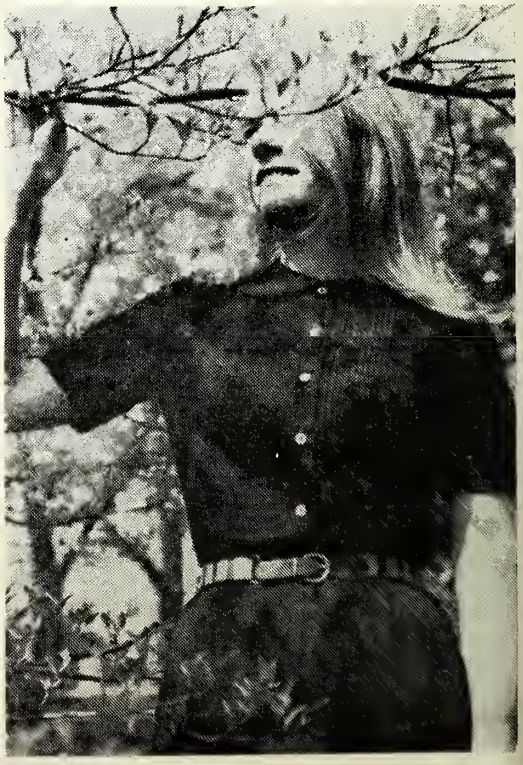

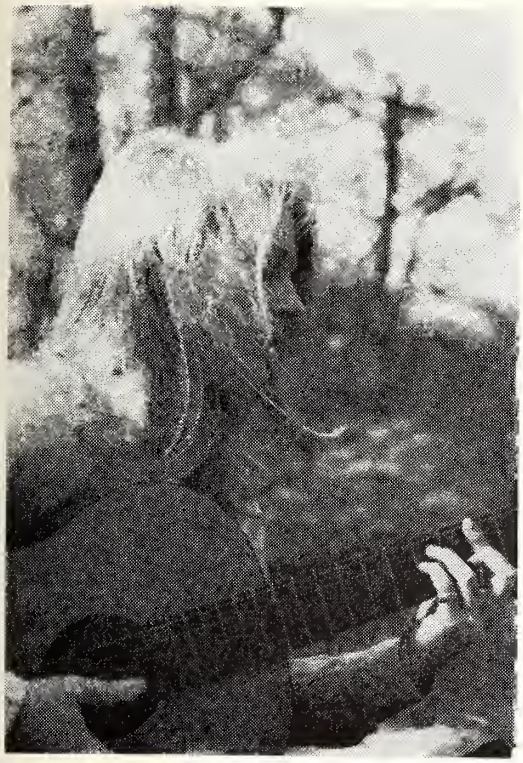

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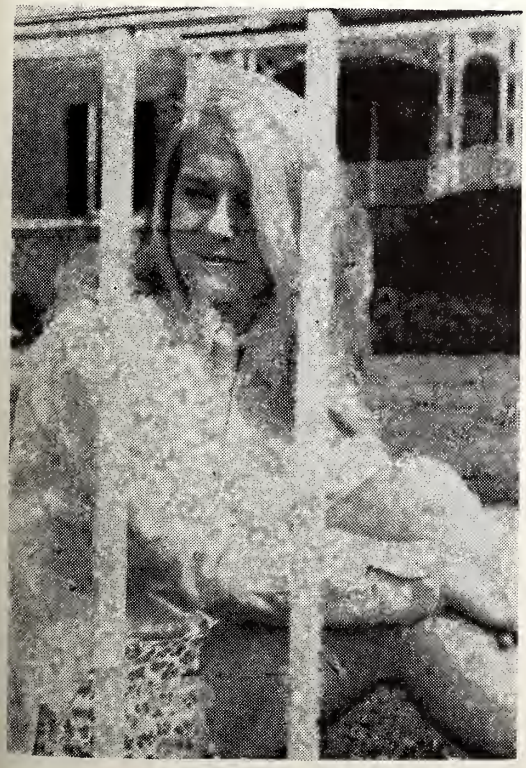

The New Song Of The Harper

(sung before the court of his prince)

Sing!
For a day,
For any day, sing!
Live it up, it won't last
And you'll never be back.

Rich is he, our good prince,
Though his bull died.
His father was mighty,
He saw forty floods
And rests with the gods in his pyramid.
Anubis Jackal—face looks on his ka.
Amon-Ra shines in his crypt—
Hidden Giver of Light—
On the gold of his coffin.

Where are the houses of Amen-em-het?
Where is their owner for that matter?
We hear the wise sayings of Ie-em-hotop
But where is the man?

"Their walls are broken apart, and their places
are not.
As though they had never been."
And no one returns from that place
To tell us his state, or his needs,
Or to fan the hot blood in our limbs
And our hearts cool to stillness.
Then flourish desire and forget that it passes.
Let sweet myrrh and soft clothes sooth the body.
Gather up good things, sweet figs and cool drinks
And live till the evening of mourning.
Osiris hears none of your mourning
And wailing keeps no one from dying.

Sing!
For a day,
For any day, sing!
You can't take it with you
And no man comes back.

—Cantey Sprott
Honorable Mention,
Helmus Poetry Contest

Odysseus:

A Mythical Fragment

"Here I am! Baa! Bury me: I am Odysseus."
—Gerhart Hauptmann

Odysseus, venturing a stalwart foot
just off the curb,
Stepped back, grinned widely, and
doffed to the cabbie—
And in his best store-window manner,
leered at a lady
Who was riding (of course) in the
garish yellow thing.
Had not the cabby turned just then,
she would have smiled.
Lamenting his luck, thinking of Penelope,
he longed for his home
(As it was, some thirty-six blocks away, as
he was just now in the
Commons, with the park hard by)—
again the foot; this time
He was in the street before he recalled
that he needed reading matter.
Calmly and blithely, as was his manner, he
proceeded from the street to the newsstand.
From thence to Paddy Kiernan's—"ah yes, lunch;
my, my, it has been a rather cold
And damp winter. Must be the radiation."
thirty-six blocks away, Penny
Slides on her stockings, thinking of some
lover or other many years ago.

—Fred W. Robbins
First Place,
Helmus Poetry Contest

GHOSTS

There is, on dying winter afternoons,
A certain attitude of light and shade
And a retreat by nature from itself
That frees the ghosts of long, blue afternoons
In grand-paternal houses. There the ghost
Of the small child that you once were returns
To look upon the thing it has become.
The ghosts of long-dead, half-forgotten loves
Arise and pass like a parade of kings.
The ghosts of friends yet living, now estranged,
The ghosts of days interred in the dark past,
Glide through the misty hallways of the mind.
Lost, restless ghosts, your phantom footfalls fade
With twilight and the lighting of the lamps.

—R. W. McRedie
Second Place,
Helmus Poetry Contest

Life Studies No. 1

He lingered over his cigaret butt.
'I don't think he's like us.
Every time you see him and that's not often—
He's always got his nose stuck in a book.
I bet he keeps his door locked
So nobody'll come in and disturb him.
His idea of a swinging date is
To study together in the library.
Intellectuals suck.'
He dropped his cigaret butt.

He had been involved
In Abelard's capture of the University of Paris.
The MG, a girl calves shining, getting out.
He stopped.

—Douglas Atkins
Third Place,
Helmus Poetry Contest

book review

HERZOG

by Saul Bellow

Almost invariably, the post-war climate of a victorious nation lends itself to a re-evaluation of basic ideals and motives. This principle was classically illustrated in the 1920's, when American values and interests were accelerated to meet the needs of an expanding, yet decaying sense of personal morality. These changing trends made their mark on the nation's literature: T. S. Eliot pictured the modern man as a creature in despair, and his "Waste Land" artistically expressed the decadence of the period; Ernest Hemingway led in the protest against the older standards of ethical conduct of the nineteenth century; and such men as Sinclair Lewis and Sherwood Anderson declared their outright alienation from the small-town, provincial attitudes that had previously been symbolic of the American scene. Post-1945 America also has had its array of literary reflection, with the list being headed by J. D. Salinger. Also prominent in this group of modern social critics is Saul Bellow, whose *The Adventures of Augie March* and *Seize the Day* were the object of much praise and comment in the mid-1950's. More recently, Bellow has produced a work which could potentially outclass his other attempts. *Herzog*, published in late 1964, has consistently been on the best-seller list, winning acclaim as a masterpiece of interpretation for the modern American. It reflects the spirit and climate of an age of transition and change—a time which has again witnessed an alteration of man's basic, fundamental concepts. Its heroic proportions give it the appearance of an epic creation—a work which portrays life today against a background of the seminal forces leading toward rapid change.

Herzog is a confused intellectual caught up in the vortex of a fast-moving world. Life for him has been a long series of failures: his married life marred by two divorces, his writing career ruined because of a lack of definite personal discipline and motive, and his academic endeavors hampered by a sense of insecurity and personal defeat. Even his best friend has made a mockery of him —having stolen the one he loved. His life has been lived in a time when many of his Jewish brothers suffered under the tyranny created by the German terror. Having existed under these intense strains and burdens, Herzog develops a complex of insecurity and confusion—feeling that his very essence is being enfested by a destructive force beyond his control. As an outgrowth of this situation, he begins to compose a series of letters to both his friends and enemies. Through these letters, he attempts to analyze his mental framework and account for his present condition. Every aspect of his being becomes evident. He seems to be trying to overtake the gradual process of erosion that has gradually become a part of his existence. The almost fragmentary informality of these letters reflects the aggressive spirit that drives his mind to action. In a "stream of consciousness" spirit, Herzog seems to become aware of the most minute instances in his life that cause him to react. He succeeds in developing fully the intricate workings of his spirit, from the most erotic passions to the loftiest level of his intellectual attainment. His soul becomes bare before the reader.

Bellow does an admirable job in constructing the various characters in the book. The women in Herzog's life become expressions of the modern code of moral behavior. Herzog himself is portrayed as a creature aimlessly wandering and searching for an ideal in which to trust. He becomes the creation of a society which is breaking notably with the past and refuses to recognize individual identity. Through the swift, highly-colored movement of the narrative, *Herzog* is able to accurately depict the shallowness of the modern age through its effects on the minds of its people. Desire and hope seem to fade into a dimly-lit and quickly forgotten past. In this respect, the book serves as a useful gage by which to judge the progress of man's values and inner hopes. Civilization seems to cry out through the reading of every page.

Mr. Bellow has created a product superior to his earlier works. In *Herzog*, he has succeeded in portraying a significant interpretation of modern life. A certain complexity in his animated situations reflects the difficulties underlying our social problems today. Anyone who is searching for a liberation from the shackles that bind him can visualize the problems faced by a modern-day Prometheus. With the human spirit bound to a noxious way of existence, *Herzog* serves to magnify these cries for freedom in a manner worthy of careful consideration by the man in today's world. ●

—*James E. Dorsey*

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The Candy Men

I once lived in a world of candy men
With sugar smiles and chocolate-covered tongues
And red and yellow flavors in their hands,
Outstretched and begging me to taste of them.
Of all that tasted flavors, it was I
Who always found myself with sticky hands
And with a sickness made by candy smells.
The men of candy did not conquer me,
For I was bitter tasting to their mouths.
My mocking laughter only melted them
And other candy men about the world.
It was not long I found myself cast out,
And so I left the sweetness to them all
And faced the sour taste of life alone.
But as the days went by, my bitter sweets
Had made me weary of my fiery ways
Of melting candy armies of the world
And pouring heaps of salt on all of them.
I somehow felt a need for sweets again,
If only they were red and yellow ones.
And so the candy maker came one day
And brought me many flavors just to try,
And if I did not like them, he had more;
Assorted to my fancy, gay and bright.
I had a taste for candy once again.
They gave me boxes of the precious stuff
And held my favorite colors out to me.
I took them. Now I'm sugar-coated too.

—Harold A. Lawrence, Jr.
Honorable Mention,
Helmus Poetry Contest

A Backward Gaze At An Unusual Experience

Before the scandals about LSD-25 and the rash of magazine articles on hallucinogens which apeared about two years ago I read a little book called *The Doors of Perception* (1954). The author, Aldous Huxley, reports his experience after swallowing about four-tenths of a gram of mescaline. His story is more interesting and revealing than some of the articles you may have read because of Huxley's viewpoint. Though he had a background in science his main interest was religion, in particular Oriental Religions. With an understanding of states of consciousness acquired in these studies he was able to avoid the idiocy of the usual psychologist's "controlled" experiment. ("Do you feel any nausea now?") In a number of such experiments that I have read about, the "subject" *did* eventually become nauseated.

It was with Huxley's idea of exploring an area of consciousness rather than that of observing the effect of an injection on a guinea pig that I tried the cheapest, weakest, and most easily obtainable means of consciousness exploring, morning glory seeds. I chewed and swallowed seventy-five seeds with a cup of tea. I had a trusty ground man who had long been a friend and my own tape recorder which no longer makes me nervous. The tape of my conversations and my vivid memory of the day are things I have depended upon to make this report accurate.

In about twenty minutes I had an uneasiness in my stomach which I rightly interpreted as the take-off. But due to my low octane fuel the flight was not to be very high. I had no intention of becoming lost or blind. I planned to remain in control. I lay down and began to stare at the wall. In accord with what I thought could be done in such a state I began to look at some letters on a picture and tried to block off the part of my brain which found them intelligible. In a few minutes I succeeded in this. Then it returned and I understood again.

The corners of my mouth began to twitch. I would smile then be serious, smile then be serious, etc. Someone came in and began to speak to my ground man in a false and contrived tone. I felt a little sick and did so each time it recurred. Then I began smile-frowning again and continued for some time. I became aware that my friend was bored. He told me later that I smile-frowned for almost two hours. I may not have to explain how I felt when smile-frowning to anyone who has ever been drunk. I was placed at a distance from myself. I was serious, but whenever I saw myself serious it was funny, so I smiled. But smiling I saw my state serious, so I stopped, etc., etc. The drunk's consciousness of self became intensified, and also his consciousness of the ground man and others in the house. Like some drunks I could not conceal any emotion. A sad thought made me sad, and a person (including myself) making himself ridiculous made me smile or laugh.

When my friend played a favorite record I did not feel like listening to it. Nor did I feel like doing the abstract mental work necessary to read. When he switched on the tape recorder there occurred to me the truism that the me that made the tape would not be the me that listened to it. It is obvious but it had never been quite so clear before. Only this *haiku* expresses it.

Backward I gaze;
one whom I had chanced to meet
is lost in haze.

—Shiki

I had the knowledge (at the time) or the feeling that I could perform some internal mental feat if I decided to. But I knew that if I did it I would be a different kind of person after the act. I had previously decided that this was to be only an exploratory mission, so I did not do whatever it was I then could have done. All I remember is that it would have taken a great effort of a mental sort.

As I drew deeper into consciousness of my own self my central mind seemed to try to take charge of the motor actions. The result was that I seemed and *was* drunk, although it lasted six hours and had no hangover. My fascination was the *separation between mind and body*. I was conscious of every minor action of the body—the position of my tongue, the automatic touching of the eye or nose, the position of my legs. The active mind felt like a new driver on the job handling a vast and complex machine, the body.

I became conscious of how much every thing we read or *do* shapes the kind of person we *are*. Only later I found this in Eliot's

'on whatever sphere of being
The mind of a man may be intent
At the time of death—that is the one action
(And the time of death is every moment)
Which shall fructify in the lives of others:

I was not quite sure how many effects that I felt were "genuine" and how

many were induced by what I had read, what I *expected* to happen. But I was conscious of the difference and the connection between these two kinds of effects.

I played the guitar no better or worse than usual and was able to use the new separation and concentration to make vivid and clear in my mind the *haiku* my ground man read to me. There was direct communication. These and the guitar commanded all my attention until I felt hungry.

Dinner was quite a disappointment. It tasted like mush, tasteless mush. Every now and then there was a little flavor. Besides being tasteless it was difficult to chew. I controlled some of and was conscious of all of the motions and sensations of the tongue. I felt every particle of food. I was conscious of it all the way to the throat. Since this day I have at times concentrated on *tasting* the food, and I am afraid that I was right. After the first tang of taste the rest of our South peas, rice and chicken *does* taste like mush. I think we animals are fooling ourselves.

The stupidity of people eating such stuff soon caught my sense of humor, and I was too tickled to eat anymore. My ground man led me outside and I watched some of the wonders under the sun for awhile. I soon became tired and felt like doing nothing but lying in the sun and gazing at the wonder of it. The satisfaction of doing just that is inexpressible. A Greek epitaph is closest.

Ah, the sweet sun!

After some time I was persuaded to go with the rest to the lake. The effort was beginning to wear off, and it was a pleasure to feel the two parts becoming joined again, the dead returning to life. I was elated to return to a normal condition. I did not know at the time why this was so; but gazing back on it now, I believe that I see. I was glad to forget how things really are when seen clearly. I was glad to see the sharp image blurred, to have the sharp picture of *experience* exchanged for the more pleasing haze, *memory of experience.* ●

—*Cantey Sprott*

The Statue

The naked form of Joy set in stone
Made a frozen leap above her platform.
Darker green against the background she danced
alone,
Poised and stark on the water.
A frigid form of molten life
Isolated by the water,
A flawless isle of untouched bliss
That can only dance and can not feel,
Danced and pranced and tossed her head,
Taught me loneliness—made me angry and alone.

The cold night sky closed above me,
And sent its rain to drench my clothes.
There away from city noises,
I knew the wet and cold of life
And watched perimeters run and overlap
As rain drops exploded into circlets
On the floor of a blue fountain.

Three feet away across the pool,
Twenty hands, yet miles apart,
Rain turned to tears on granite cheeks.

—Gerald Kelley
Honorable Mention
Helmus Poetry Contest

BUDDHA
And The Absurd

He stood in the brutal waves,
In the swirling currents,
Uncommonly weary of the shore.

Wind spit in his eyes,
While warm wet air scorched his shoulders.
He shifted as demons dug trenches under his feet,
And he turned his side to maddened monsters
Trying to push him back,
Or pull him out to sea.

He stayed as long as day.

When his water-logged corpse had washed ashore,
Angry young flies and starving white worms
Feasted for weeks
Until the stench had gone.

—Albert Bonnoit
Honorable Mention,
Helmus Poetry Contest

Cathedral Darkness

In a cathedral darkness
Half cold and quaking,
Awaiting God's likeness
My hidden self inviting
I sat alone
And stalked my kneeling thoughts.

The cold white body on the bloody cross.

Desiring the naked light,
Quiet from the horns of night,
In a stone gray box I sat.
But I could not pull away
Nor abandon the danger of that day.
I could not let my soul fly free—
Nor could I see myself—
Nor would my God see me.

I grew numb before that altar—
And finding He was not at home,
I left his chill and granite dome.

—Gerald Kelley
Honorable Mention,
Helmus Poetry Contest

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The Court Of The Gentiles

On this page I have ranted and raved at the student body for three issues about various things—results, *nil.* I was tempted to leave this page blank in this issue, but, as promised on page one, I shall discuss some weighty problems that pertain to the College, to each of us, and to the rest of society.

Recently, the more responsible members of the student body, faculty and administration, have been studying ourselves, and the chief concern they seem to have is the level of education, the level of awareness, or the "intellectual atmosphere," as some call it. These terms have been bandied about so much that they seem trite to us now. Nevertheless, in my usual droning prose, I intend to explore the whole mess anew. Initially, we must consider how much the average student is "reached" (i.e. stimulated) by the realm of ideas as professed by the faculty. Conclusion: some are reached successfully, most just barely, some not at all. Those touched "just barely" require about one hour to forget the painful experience. At present, the policy is to bestow a degree upon anyone who can retain the stimuli for an hour or more. The center of the scale (the sixty-minute men) prosper, while both extremes suffer. The nature of the college policy (accepting all three kinds of students), dictates this. Now fight down that screaming "idiot" you are about to utter, and look at your own position—where are you in the scale? Are you dragging down the extremes?

Secondly, there is the matter of intellectual stimulation outside of classroom activity. I conclude it is almost nonexistent for all but a select few. I welcome corrections, but the only activities I can think of are these: Converse films, lectures, concerts; Fine Films Program; Helmus Poetry Contest; Hyperopics; The Journal. All of these are either selective, sparsely attended, or at Converse—it is time we stopped leeching off them. The intellectuality of The Journal is for you to judge—I think it has been successful along these lines. The Helmus Poetry Contest and The Journal stand alone as Wofford-sponsored *creative* intellectual activities. Journalism and the *Old Gold and Black,* the glee club and the art gallery are only adjuncts to the basic creative, intellectually stimulated, cultural position.

Now let us consider those things we *do* have at the present time. First, The Journal—I think it has been successful for the past two years. Given any piece of student writing, the editor ignores all but the most glaring of stylistic flaws, because he is after an idea to print. One cannot expect great facility in the use of English from the student-writer, nor can one expeet any reasonably good second-rate literature. The student's mind is too full of theories, faets, history, etc. The best that can be expected is that one idea, one point, one focus, be in the work, tastefully done, and as lueid as possible. In the last two years, Journal editors have picked the best writing, using these criteria, that has been available to them. The lamentable scarcity of any writing meeting these requirements has been a recurring problem, but there has been some good writing in this magazine.

The Helmus Poetry Contest is a rather unique event of which we all should be proud. Interest in it grows each year, and the quality of the poetry seems to improve. But students can't be poets—there is an immaturity inherent in the collegiate mind that produces third-rate poetry that reads like Dryden or Pope, and this is not progress, by any means. Still, the activity is there, and it is one of the most rewarding things any man can experience. We are lucky to have such a contest, and to have it officially encouraged. The Contest seems to be effective—Professor K. D. Coates, "manager" (mentor) of the Contest, comments that "this year's poems, as a group, may be superior to any one year's entries." So, The Journal (and the rest of the student body, I am sure) salutes the Helmus Contest and Professor Coates. Oh yes, the comment you are all waiting for—I think the judges have good taste.

To be deadly serious for a moment, it must be remembered that the purpose of attending college, and the reason for the existence of a college is the strengthening of the intellect. We have lost the perspective. But this is only the apparent symptom of an ingrained, inherited, and flourishing disease, a sickness in society's aggregate mind. All that has been done to cure this disease is the application of surface salves consisting of money and sociological research. We may as well be in the age of Dryden—perhaps it would be a good starting point.

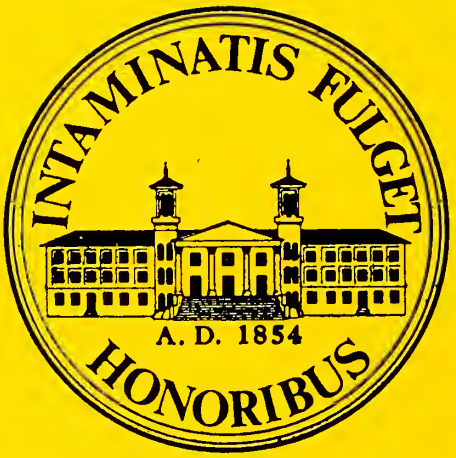
I don't think the disease can be cured in college—colleges are not *in* the world. But the Schweitzers and the Kennedys can't cure it either. Placebos exist in abundance—our greatest example is television. At least a partial answer, a halting start, is the exercise of creativity. It takes a great artist to even define the sickness of a society. Great art tends to drive out the rotten parts of society.

The innate desire to purge the society of its rottenness should be a basic part of any healthy mind. I am not sure it can happen at Wofford, or at almost any other college. But, if Wofford or any college can someday claim "il miglior fabbro," then loud hosannas unto the place.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

—Twelfth Night

● *FWI*



"Honor the
five excellences
and
throw out
the four evils."

—Kung-Fu-Tze
Analects, XX, II

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